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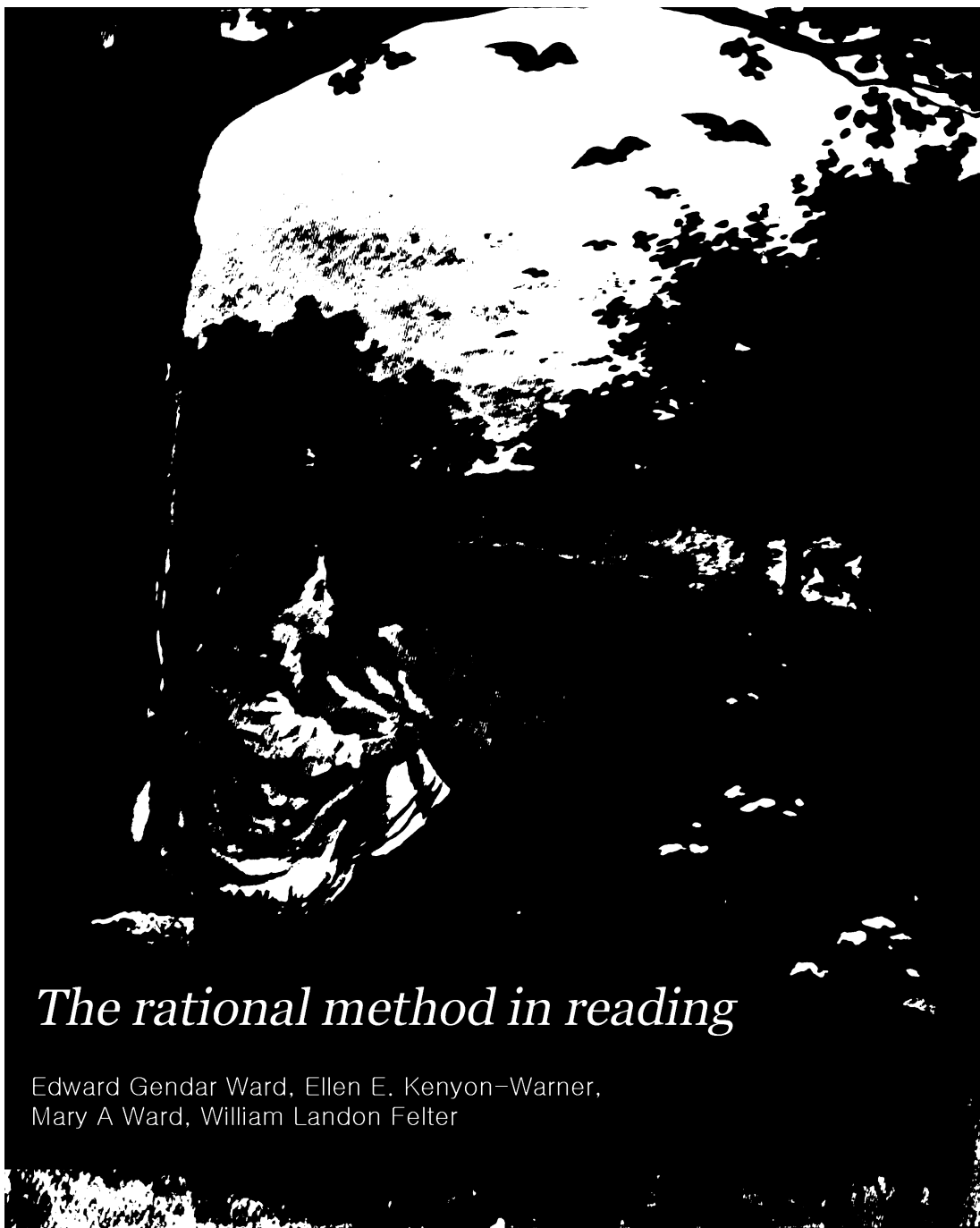
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The rational method in reading

Edward Gendar Ward, Ellen E. Kenyon-Warner,
Mary A Ward, William Landon Felter



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PICTURE FOR A STORY.

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THE **C**
RATIONAL METHOD IN READING.

First
Year.

PRIMER.

Material: Conversations.

- PART I.—Reading by the Word Method.
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FIRST READER.

Material: Conversations and Stories.

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Second
Year.

SECOND READER.

Material: Stories and Poetry. Literary and Ethical.

- PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.
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Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.

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MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS.

PHONETIC CARDS—

- FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer.
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PREFACE.

THIS little book will be found exceedingly valuable as an addition to the series employed in teaching reading by the Rational Method. Its value in this respect, however, does not constitute its only merit nor, perhaps, even its chief one; for, besides being one of the most delightful of story books, it is particularly strong in the departments of poetry, ethics, and history. Beyond all this, it adds greatly to the resources of the teacher for language work by providing the scholars with eight beautiful story-pictures, six of which are half-tone reproductions of famous paintings, and two, original chromo-lithographs.

I desire to lay special stress upon the fact that of the twenty-three selections in verse, not one is beyond the comprehension of the children, while most of them will be read with as keen enjoyment as any of the lessons in prose. This fact will be fully appreciated by those sufficiently familiar with the workings of young minds to know by what steps a love of poetry must be developed.

I would emphasize the fact, also, that no less than twenty-two of the fifty-four selections provided, embody lessons of wisdom or of morality, which thoughtful teachers will turn to good account in their efforts to develop character.

I wish to express hearty thanks to all the kind friends who have contributed to the book, — to none more than to Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., by whose permission I have used the delightful verses by the Cary sisters.

The greater part of the work of selection and adaptation has been done by Mrs. E. E. Kenyon Warner, whose assistance on this, as on the lower books of the series, I have found invaluable.

E. G. W.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., July 1, 1899.

TO THE TEACHER.

It will be useless to put children into this book unless

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the lower books of the series, — and
2. Are skilful enough in “the blend” to determine readily any word made up of not more than six of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grades below yours, — or if, having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation just before entering your grade, — your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grades, *whatever time it may require*.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, *i.e.*, have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them *ab initio*. No matter what their grade or their acquirements may be, the best of all ways to do this is to put them through the lower books of the series in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual for the *first* and *second* half-year's work; except that, instead of beginning with the blackboard and learning a certain stock of words in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they become necessary.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of *new scholars* who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

VOCABULARY OF THE PRIMER, THE FIRST READER, AND THE SECOND READER.

Sight Words.

(Words learned as wholes.)

a, again, ail, all, am, American, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, at, ate, — be, been, bird, boy, bread, bush, busy, business, but, by, — can, come, corn, could, cow, — day, diamond, did, do, does, dog, don't, down, drink, — each, eat, egg, eight, Elizabeth, end, ever, experiment, — February, for, found, Frank, from, fruit, full, — garden, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — had, hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — laugh, less, let, like, look, — make, me, measured, milk, minute, mosquito, Mr., Mrs., much, — new, no, nostrils,

not, now, — occasion, ocean, of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — picture, play, pretty, prettiest, put, — rabbit, — said, saw, says, see, seed, sell, sew, shall, she, size, some, stay, stranger, such, sure, — take, tell, than, Thanksgiving, that, the, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, turkey, — up, us, — want, was, Washington, watch, water, way, we, well, were, wet, what, when, where, which, who, will, wind, wing, with, women, work, would, — yard, yes, you.

Phonograms.

(By means of which thousands of words *not learned* may be easily read.)

ā, ă, a, ū, á, a, âir, âr, âr, — b, bl, br, — c, ç, œ, ch, çl, ck, cl, cr, — d, d̄, dr, — ē, ě, e, e, ěar, ěr, ěar, ěr, ed, er, ers, est, eŵ, eŵ, ex, ex, — f, ful, — ĝ, ĝ, gh, gl, gr, — h, — i, ĭ, ĭ, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, ir, is, ish, — j, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, n, ness, — ō, ǒ, ô, o, ô, o, oi, ôr, ou, ow, oy, — p, ph, pl, pr, — q, qu, — r, — s, s, sh, sl, se, — t, th, th, tl, tr, — ū, ū, u, u, u, un, ūr, ure, — v, — w, wh, — x, — y, ŷ, ŷ, — z.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the Manual, and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

In using this book, never have any lesson read by your scholars until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions:

1. Copy on the blackboard, with their marks, all the phonetic words of the lesson that contain more than four phonograms each, and about a dozen of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Have these words read by the scholars a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. As a rule, give the harder words to the bright scholars, and the easier ones to the dull scholars. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of work (always easy) to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson, and the "blend drill" for the day.

NOTE. — Observe that in this book, many phonetic words are printed without diacritical marks, and many others are only partially marked. Direct the attention of your scholars to this fact, and in every "blend drill," beside fully marked phonetic words, use some that are unmarked, and some that are partially marked. Be particular to include in the last class, words each of which contains two or more compound phonograms.

Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the Manual, pp. 5-15.



E. MUNIER, 1874

E. MUNIER.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.

A MERRY AWAKENING.

THIRD READER.

LESSON I.

I. Tell Me.



1. "Little red bird, tell me
How you build your nest."
"I bring twigs and feathers,
Shape them round my breast,
And weave them in and weave them out,
And tuck the ends in all about."

2. "Dear old oak tree, tell me
How your green leaves grow."
"Oh, the sun-beams help me
And the south winds blow,
And little leaves come peeping out
To see what it is all about."

3. "Little spring, please tell me
Why you bubble so!"
"Hark! the brooklet calls me,
As its waters flow
And ripple in and ripple out
Where sweet briers blössom all about."



4. "Little girlie, tell me,
Whence your smiles so sweet."
"The sunbeams dance into my
heart
On little prancing feet.
They weave glad thoughts all in
and out,
And smiles come when they dance about."

2. Suppōse.

1. Suppōse, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head ;
Could you make it whōle by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red ?
And wouldn't it be pleāsānter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke ?
2. Suppose you're drēssēd for walking,
And the rain comes pōūring down ;
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown ?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without ?
3. Suppose your tāsk, my little man,
Is very hard to get ;
Will it make it any eāsīer
For you to sit and fret ?

And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn a thing at once?

4. Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair;
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
5. And suppose the world don't please you
Nor the way some people do;
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

— Phoebe Cary.

LESSON II.

1. The Birds, the Beasts, and the Bat.

1. Once there was a great battle between the birds and the beasts. The bat did not join either



side, at first. He ~~thought~~ he would wait and see how the battle ~~tūnēd~~.

2. At last he saw that the beasts were likely to win the fight. Then he went ~~among~~ them.

When they saw him, they ~~thōught~~ he was a bird. “~~Tēar~~ him to ~~pēcēs~~,” they cried.

3. But the bat said, “Look at the hair that ~~cōvers~~ my body. Do you see any ~~fēathers~~? And look at my sharp teeth. Do birds have teeth? Does a bird’s mouth look like mine?”

4. “Sure ~~ēnōgh~~, he is a beast,” said the others. And they let him alone.

But the battle was not over yet. The birds won the ~~victōry~~ after all. Then the bat ~~vanishēd~~ from

among the beasts. He hid in the tree-tops awhile. When he thought it safe, he showed himself among the birds.

5. "Here is a beast!" cried the birds. "See his hair and his teeth. Look at his mouth. He is not one of us. Peck him to death!"

But the bat flapped his wings and cried, "Just see me fly. Do you not perceive that I am a bird?"

6. Upon this the birds decided not to kill him. But they would have nothing to do with him. They were sure they had seen him on friendly terms with the beasts.

—Æsop.

2. The Dog in the Manger.

afternoon

1. A sleepy dog went to a barn, and jumped into a manger full of hay. There he curled himself up for an afternoon nap.

2. When he had slept in comfort for some time, the oxen came in for their supper. Then the dog awoke, and began to growl and bark at them.

3. "What is the matter?" said one of the oxen.
 "Do you want to eat this hay?"

"No," said the dog; "I never eat such stuff."

"Very well," said the ox; "then let us eat it.
 We are hungry and tired."

4. "No, you shall not," growled the dog: "Go away
 and let me sleep."

"What an ugly, snappish fellow!" said the ox.
 "He will neither eat the hay himself, nor let us
 eat it!"

— Aesop.

LESSON III.

The Nut Hunters.

discouraged

1. Mabel and Johnny wanted some nuts. They
watched the chestnut trees every day, but no nuts
 were in sight. Johnny threw stones up into the tree,
 but that did no good. Nothing came down but prickly
burrs, that hurt the children's fingers.

2. Little Frisky, the squirrel, wanted some nuts, too.

He watchēd the trees every day. Mabel and Johnny could see his bushy tail as he ran up and down the branchēs. But the hickorŷ nuts and butternuts, as well as the chēsnuts, were all shut up tight in their cōver-



ings. Poor Frisky could not get one, and he ran off and nībbled at some seeds. He was so very hūngry.

3. One night it was colder than ūsual. In the morning, there was ice in the pail by the door. Johnny's mother said, "I think to-day you may find some nuts."

4. The children were almost discouraged, but after brē~~ē~~akfast they started out again. They went to the row of chestnut trees in the lane behind the barn. And what do you think? The ground was almost covered with nice riped nuts. Jack Frost had come in the night and opened the burrs, and the nuts had dropped out.

5. How busy Mabel and Johnny were now, and how hard they worked! And how busy Frisky and his friends were, and how hard they worked! Children and squirrels gathered in stores of nuts for the winter.

6. Mabel and Johnny put their nuts into bags and carried them to the barn to dry. But Frisky hid his nuts in an old hollow tree. There he laid away a great store.

7. By and by winter came, and the ground was covered with snow. The trees dropped their leaves, and nothing to eat could be found. Then Frisky sat in his snug hollow and nibbled away merrily. He had plenty of food to last until spring.

8. How do you think Frisky learned to lay away food for the winter? Do you know of any other animal that does so?

LESSON IV.

1. Grandpapä's Spectacles.

spectacles

1. Grandpapä's spectacles cannot be found ;
He has sēarchēd all the rooms, high and low, round
and round ;
Now he calls to the yōūng ones, and what does he say ?
"Ten cents to the one who will find them to-day."
2. Then Henry, and Nelly, and Edwārd all ran,
And a most thōrōugh hunt for the glāssēs began,
And dear little Nell, in her gēnerōus way,
Said, "I'll look for them, grandpā, without any pay."
3. All thrōugh the big Bible she sēarchēs with care
That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair ;
They feel in his pōckēts, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat.
4. Then down on all-fours, like two good-nātured bēars,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,



Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to dēclāre
He belēvēs that those glāssēs are *not anywhere*.

5. But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they *could* be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, fādēd eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with
sūrpriſe.

6. She clāppēd both her hands — all her dimples came
out, —

She turned to the boys with a bright, rōgish shout:
“ You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head ! ”

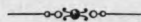
— Ēlīzabēth Sill.

2. The Leaves and the Wind.

1. "Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
2. Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all.
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew.
3. "Cricket, good-bye; we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go,
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.
4. "Dear little lambs, in your fleecey fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold.
Fondly we've watched you in valley and gladde;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

5. Dancing and whirling the little leaves went ;
 Winter had called them, and they were content.
 Soon fast asleep in their earth^y beds,
 The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

— George Cooper.



LESSON V.

The Wise Lärk.

relations	remember
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1. A lärk had her nest in a field of corn. When rēaping time drew near, she became anxios. She told her young ones to remember all they might hear any one say.

2. One day the farmer came to the field with his son. He said: "This corn is rīpe and ready to har-vest. We must get our neighbors to come to-morrow and begin."

3. The little larks were very much frightened. When their mother rētūrned, they told her what the farmer had said.

4. "Never fear," said the mother lark. "If he dēpends upon his neighbōrs he will have to wait. There is plenty of time. Tell me what you hear to-mōrrōw."

5. The next day, the farmer came again to the field. "This corn will be over-ripe," he said, "if it stands any lōnger." "Since our neighbors do not come to help us, we must call our relations. Go and ask your ūncles and eqūsins to come to-morrow and help us cut the corn."

6. The little larks were more frightened than before. They told their mother and bēggēd her to take them away.

7. "Plenty of time," said the mother. "The farmer's relations will keep him waiting, too. But listen again to-morrow, and listen eārefully."

8. The next day, the farmer came again. He was vēxēd to find no work done yet. "Go and hire workmen," he said to his son. "To-morrow we will begin the work oursēlvēs."

9. The little larks told this to their mother at evening. "Then we must go at once," said she. "The farmer is now in ēarnest."

LESSON VI.

1. The Shēphērd Boy.

company



1. Once a boy was set to minding a flock of sheep. It was tīrēsome work, for there was no one to talk to.

2. The sheep were not good company. They neither sung nor laughēd, nor playēd mārblēs. All they did was to nībblē grass the livēlong day.

3. The boy's work was to see that the wolf did not get them. If the wolf should come, he was to call for help. Then the men in the next field were to come and drive the wolf away.

4. Day after day, the boy grew sleepy, watching the sheep. He could hear the men in the next field, laughing and singing as they worked. He wished he could go and work with them. All this time the wolf never came.

5. One day, the boy thought he would have a little fun. "The men are having their jokes, and I'll have mine," said he. So, with all his might, he cried, "Help! help! Wolf! wolf!"

6. The men ran to help him drive out the wolf. But there was no wolf. When they found it was a joke they laughed and went back to their work.

7. This trick made the boy so much fun that he tried it again the next day. This time, the men were in doubt whether to come or not. About half of them came with their axes, thinking the wolf might be there. When they found he was not, they said to the boy, "To-morrow we will not believe you. A good joke becomes a poor one when repeated."

a. The next day the wolf stole into the field, sure enough, and pounced upon the best of the sheep. The boy called, "Help! help! Wolf! wolf!" but not a man left his work.

— AEsop.

2. Three Bugs.

quarreling

1. Three little bugs in a baskēt,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellōw and one was black,
And one like me, or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
But what should three bugs do?
2. Three little bugs in a baskēt,
And hardly crūmbs for two,
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We'll eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

3. Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold,
So they all three fell to quarreling,
The white, the black, and the gold,
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.
4. So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crūmb to chew,
Or a thrēad to wrāp himself withal,
When the wind acrōss him blēw,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.
5. And so there was wār in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and stārvēd, at last,
A strēngth from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!
6. Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Thōugh more than it well can hold,

It seems to me they had better agree,
The white, the black, and the gold,
And share what comes of the bread and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

— Älice Čarý.

LESSON VII.

1. A Cunning Fox.

disappointed

1. A fox was running away from some hounds. They followed noisily and he knew that they were gaining on him. They had their noses to the ground, following the scent.

2. A foxhound's sense of smell is so keen that by it he can tell where a fox's feet have touched the ground. He can thus chase the little creature long before he sees him.

3. The hounds had not yet come within sight of this fox. He knew that they would, however, in a few mōments.

4. "I must think quickly, or my life will be lost," said the fox to himself.

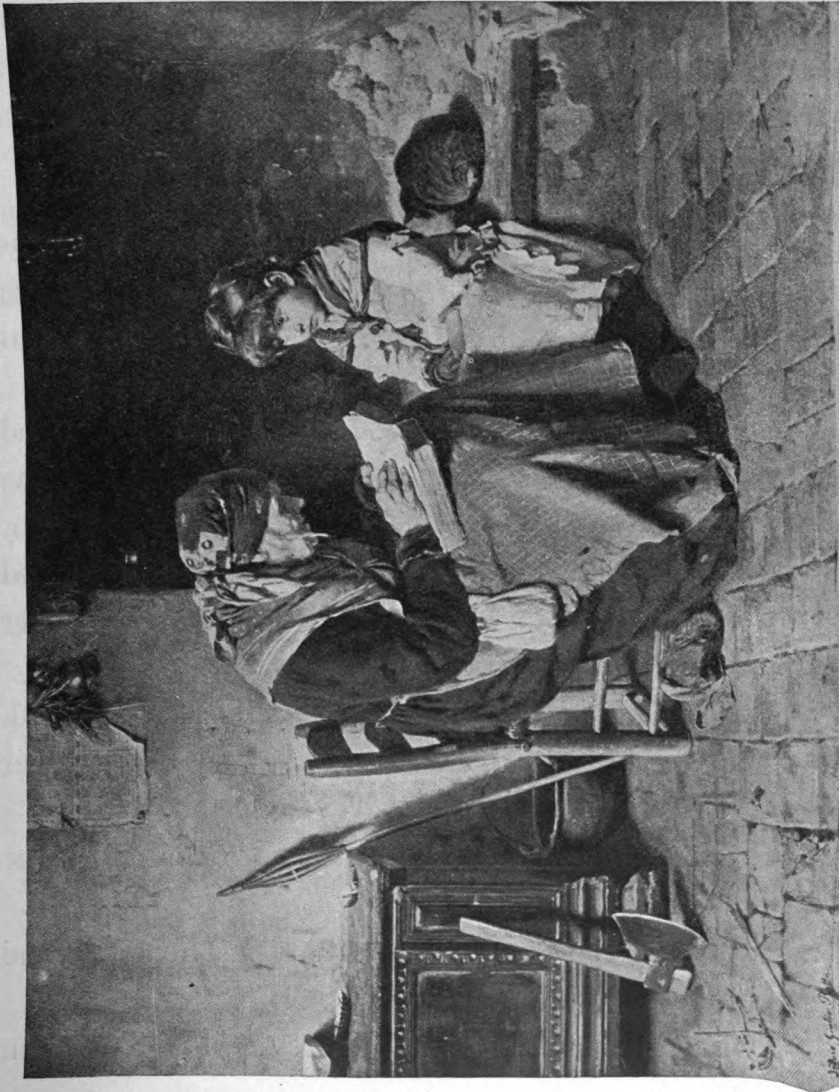
5. Just then, he overtook a load of hay that oxen were drägging slowly töwärd the town. There was a beam under the load upon which the fox could jump. There he could ride at ease, quite out of sight.

6. "Here is my chäncē!" thought the fox. He ran under the load and spräng to the beam, while the oxen trüdgēd on.

7. A few minutes later, there was a great hübbüb down the road. It was just at the spot where the fox had jumped from the road to the beam.

8. The yēlping hounds had come to the end of the scēt. They were very much excīted. They ran to the right and smelt the ground, but the fox had not gone that way. They ran to the left and smelt the ground, but he had not gone that way. They ran forwärd and bäckwärd, but nowhere could they find that the fox's feet had töuchēd the ground.

9. So they and their mästers had to give up the chase. While they turned back, disappointed, the fox rode on. When they were far out of sight and hearing he jumped from his pērch. The woods were near at hand. It did not take him long to reach them and make his way back to his läir.



S. GULLIO ROTTA.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.

THE FAIRY BOOK.

2. The Fox and the Goat.

accidents

1. The fox is cunning, but, like every one else, he sometimes meets with accidents. One day Brother Reynārd fell into a well. The water was not deep, but he could not jump out.

2. There was nothing to eat down there. He stood shivering in the water for a long time. At last he made up his mind that he must die of cold and hunger.

3. Just then a goat came to the well and looked down. The goat was a simple crēature. He had never lēarned better than to talk with a fox.

4. "Is that good drinking water?" he asked Reynārd.

5. "Yes, indeed," rēplied the fox, "the best I ever tāsted. Come down and see for yourself."

6. So down jumped the goat and drank all he wanted.

7. "How do you get out of this well?" he asked the fox, when his thirst was quēnched.

8. "Oh, easily enough," rēplied Reynard. "You can

stand on your hind feet and put your front ones far up the wall. I will climb up your back and jump from your head to the bank. Then I can reach down and pull you out."

9. The goat did as the fox had planned. Soon Reynard was out of the well.

10. "Now help me out," said the goat.

11. But the fox walked off laughing. — Æsop.



LESSON VIII.

I. Helping the Birds.

captured

1. The baby knew that the birdies used

Horsehair for building a nest;

So she snipped off the end of a golden eurl.

Said she, "They will like this best."

2. And oh, how she laughed from the window ledge,

When a bird flew where it lay

Caught fast in the twigs of a lilae bush,

And carried some threads away.

3. 'Twas a redbreast robin, not far from home
 In the budding maple tree.
 Our baby waited with patience sweet
 The baby birds to see.

4. They came, and grew, and flew away.
 We captured the cradle rare;
 And much we prize it, for in and out
 Is woven our darling's hair.

— Mrs. M. F. Butts.

2. To Rent — A Bird House.

1. A house to rent! A house to rent!



A tiptop, first-class tenement;
 With airy chambers sweet
 and wide,
 And lovely views on every
 side.

2. Away from danger it is set,
 No foes to fear, no cares to
 fret.

In at the door the folks can fly,
Through waving brānchēs, ärchēd and high.

3. The rent is cheap — a song or two,
When the green leaves are wet with dew,
Swift bright wings flitting in and out,
And happy chirpings all about.
4. Come, little hūsbānd, bring your wife,
And take my pretty house for life.
No better place, beljēvø my words,
Or hēalthiēr for baby birds.
5. The flying school is near the door,
And singing teachers many a seōrø ;
And swings, and teeters, and such things,
To strēngthēn, if you wish, their wings.
6. A house to rent! A house to rent!
A tiptōp, first-class tēnēmēnt,
With airy chāmbers, sweet and wide,
And lovely vjēw̄s on every side.

— Mrs. M. F. Butts.

LESSON IX.

An Odd Race.

collected

1. I am going to tell you about a race between bees and pigeons. It was a queer race, for neither the bees nor the pigeons knew that they were racing. This is how it came about.

2. Two farmers lived side by side. One kept bees and the other kept carrier pigeons.

3. Now, when a bee has collected honey enough, he flies in a straight line toward his home. For this reason, people call a very straight line a bee line.

4. Carrier pigeons, too, know how to fly straight home, even when taken to a great distance. They are often made to carry letters, because they are so quick and sure. That is why they are called carrier pigeons.

5. The two farmers agreed one day to try which could make the best time, the bees or the pigeons. They took a dozen bees and a dozen pigeons to a distance of three miles from home.

6. Now, if you had to walk three miles, you would think it a long way. Yet these little bees, with their hěavŷ bodies and ġavizŷ wings, had all that distance to fly, before they could reach their hive again.

7. But I suppōse you are impātient to hear how the race came out. Very likely you think the pigeons won it. Well, listen.

8. Both bees and pigeons were set free toġether, to give them a fair start.

9. The first bee reached his hive a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon reached his eōtē. Then three other bees reached home before the sēcōnd pigeon.

10. A little later, the rest of the pigeons and the rest of the bees all ārrivēd toġether.

11. Are you thinking, "They were not the same bees?" Oh, but they were, and I'll tell you how the owner knew them. Before taking them to the race, he rolled them in flour!

When a tās̄k you'vē once begun,

Never leave it till it's done.

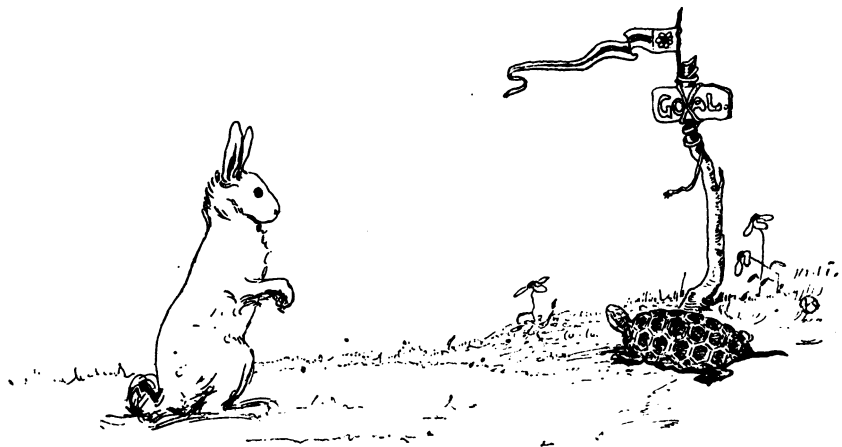
Be the lābōr great or small,

Do it well or not at all.

LESSON X.

1. The Hâre and the Tortoise.

determined



1. A hâre and a tortoise once ran a race. You may think it was a foolish thing for a tortoise to race with a hare. It is true that the hare is fleet, while the tortoise can go but slowly.

2. The tortoise knew this, but determined to do his best. He startèd off in his plödding way and lost no time in reaching the goäl.

3. The hare, however, lay down for a nap. He ~~thou~~ght there was plenty of time, the tortoise being a slow ~~walk~~er. When he awoke, he ~~leap~~ed forward on the track. He expected soon to overtake the tortoise.

4. But the hare had slept too long. On reaching the goal, he found the tortoise there awa~~it~~ing him.

2. The Ārab and the ~~C~~amel.

1. An Ārab lay down in his tent one cold night, expecting to go to sleep. His camel looked in and asked if he might put his head inside for warmth. The Arab said he might.

2. But this was not enough for the camel. Soon he asked if he might not also put his ~~for~~e ~~fe~~et inside the tent. The Arab said he might.

3. Before long, the camel sque~~ez~~ed his body in and asked if he might stay there. The tent was small, but the Arab ~~mov~~ed a little to make room. He thought the camel would surely be satisfied now.

4. But the camel now felt that he would like the tent to himself. So he asked his master to step outside and make more room.

5. This the man obligingly did. As the night grew colder, he wished for his tent again. Thus it is with evil. One lets it get into his mind just a little. It works in more and more. At last it crowds out all the good.



LESSON XI.

Captain Mölly.

regiment Revolution rewarded sergeant

1. "A story, Mamma, please, a story."

"What kind of a story?"

"A live story," said Tom.

2. "Do you mean a lively story?" asked Mamma.

"I mean one about somebody who was once alive."

"Then I will tell you about Captain Mölly."

3. "Captain!" laughed Jack, "how can a woman be a captain?"

"Well, she was called Captain, and she wore a cocked hat."

"Oh! do tell us about her," pleaded Tom.

4. "Besides a cöcked hat, she wore a soldier's coat and wāŕsteōāt over her skīrt. Captain Molly was a very brave wōman."

5. "Could she shōŕlder a gun and prēsēnt arms?" asked Jack, who belonged to a school regiment.

6. "Well, I imāginē she could, for one day she fired off a cannon many times. Her hūsbānd was a cannonŕēr. Can you tell us what a cannonŕēr is, Jack?"

"Yes, Mamma, a man who managēs a cannon."

"That is right. Captain Molly's real name was Mary Pitcher."

7. "I wōnder," said Mārion, who was fond of wōndering, "whether she was any rēlātiōn to the little pitchers with big ears that Uncle John talks about."

"I think not," said Mamma, smiling. "Now, all keep quiet, and let me tell you her story."

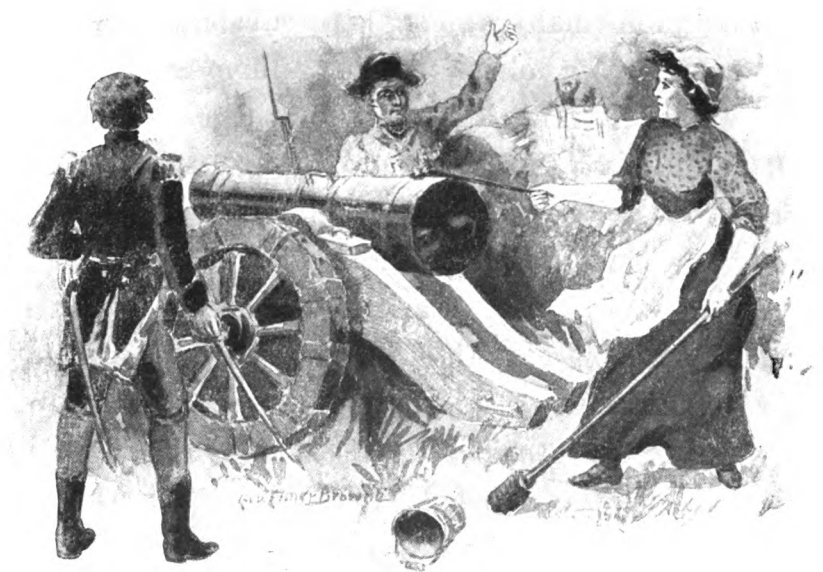
8. "At the battle of Monmōuth, in the war of the Revolution, Molly's hūsbānd had chārgē of a gun.

It was a hot day in June, and the cannoniers became very thīrstŕ; so goodwifē Molly kept bringing them water from a spring near by.

9. At last a Britīsh shot struck Molly's husband and killed him. There was nobody to take his place;

so one of the officers ordered the men to take the gun away.

10. Then brave Molly, who heard the command, dropped her pail, caught up the rammer, and said, "I will fire the gun."



There she stood, all through the fight, filling her husband's place.

Do you not think she had a great deal of courage?

11. The next day she was taken before General Wash-

ington to be rewarded. Her dress was soiled with gunpowder and dust, but Washington did not mind that.

12. He was pleased with her brave conduct, so he made her a sergeant. Congress gave her an officer's half-pay for the rest of her life.

So you see, Jack, she really was a soldier, though she was a woman.

Some books say the soldiers gave her the nickname of Major, but the truth is that most of them called her Captain."

13. "Hurrah for Captain Molly!" shouted Jack.
 "Three cheers and a tiger!" added Tom.

LESSON XII.

1. The Months.

apricots	February	September
----------	----------	-----------

1. January brings the snow,
 Makes our feet and fingers glow.

2. February brings the rain,
Thaw~~s~~ the frozen lake again.
3. Märch brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing dāffōdil.
4. April brings the primrōse sweet,
Seatters dāſis at our feet.
5. May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their flēoſſy dams.
6. June brings tūlips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with pōsies.
7. Hot July brings thunder showers,
Apricots and gilly-flowers.
8. August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the hārvest home is borne.
9. Warm September brings the fruit,
Hunters then begin to shoot.
10. Brown Ōetōber brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

11. Dull November brings the blast —
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

12. Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

— Sara Coleridge.

2. Two and One.

1. Two ears and only one mouth have you;
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.
2. Two eyes and only one mouth have you;
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.
3. Two hands and only one mouth have you,
And it is worth while repeating:
The two are for work you will have to do —
The one is enough for eating.



DRIVING A PAIR.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.

G. B. O'NEILL.

LESSON XIII.

Little Tattereds.

PART I.

1. There once lived, in a cāstle by the sea, an old man who had lost his only daughter. He was a lord and he had great wēalth, but nothing



could cōnsōle him for the loss of his child.

2. At her death, his daughter left him, to fill her place, a grandchild, her own little daughter. But he would have nothing to do with the squalling baby. He would not even look at it, but sat grīēving all day for the dead.

3. He spent all his time by a window in a high tower, looking out at the sea. There he sat day after day and year after year, till his hair grew white and

long. It grew so long at last, that it crept into the cracks in the floor. Then, when he wanted to get up, it held him fast.

4. The servants took care of his grandchild, as well as they knew how.

5. When she became old enough to walk alone, they took her to the old lord in the tower to show him how fair she was. But he would not even turn his head to look at her.

6. Then some of them, thinking she would never be anything in the world, began to abuse her. Some, however, remained kind and gave her their children's cast-off clothing. But this, being old, soon hung in shreds. So she came to be known as Little Tattereoats.

7. When she was old enough to go to school, they took her again to the old lord in the tower. But he declared he would not look upon her face as long as he lived.

8. So she played all day in the fields with the goose-herd and his flock. There she learned more than idle children do at school, for she asked about everything she saw.

9. Sometimes she was cold and sad. Then the

goose-herd played her so mērry a tune on his pipe that she would have to jump up and dance. This would make her warm and happy again.

10. At last she said to the goose-herd one day, "I am a young wōman now. I am much too large to play all day in the fields. I must begin to work for my living. I shall like to do that, but I shall be sōrry to leave so good a friend."

11. "Wait a few days," said the goose-herd. "It is said that the king will soon come this way. May be he will pērsuādē your grandfāther to adōpt you."

12. So she waited.



LESSON XIV.

Little Tattercoats.

PART II.

questions	disappeared
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1. Not long after this, the king and his trāŋ one day swēpt by. The king was seouring the eountrȳ to find a wife for his son. None but the fâirest and kindest maiden in the land would do.

2. The next day a handsome young man in splēndid drēss rode by. He called to Tattercoats and the goose-herd to ask them where the eāstlē was in which the king had taken up his abōdē. They said they would show him.

3. They could not walk so fast as his horse could trot. Seeing this, he got down and walked between them.

4. On the way, he talkēd with them and asked them many questions about the eountrȳ. Tattercoats could answer them all and he thought her very interesting. He thought her very bēautiful, too, in spite of her rags.

5. When they reached the castle it was night and a great ball was going on. The prince, for it was he with whom they walked, invited them in.

6. They looked very funny as they went through the long ballroom. The rags of Tattercoats were almost falling off her. The goose-herd had his pipe and his crook and the geese followed after them.

7. The finely dressed lords and ladies all stood back to look at them. There was much giggling at their expense. Some persons even had the bad manners to point at them.

8. Among the company was the old lord, Tattercoats' grandfather. He had cut off his hair and dried his tears and hurried down to meet the king. He did not know Tattercoats, for he had never looked at her.

9. When they reached the throne, the prince stepped forward and said to his father,

10. "Sir, I have found the fairest and kindest maiden in the land. This is she."

11. While he spoke, the goose-herd put his pipe to his lips and played a few magical notes. At the sound of these, Tattercoats' rags turned to silken clothing and a golden crown appeared upon her head. Then

the geese all tūrnēd into finely dressed pages. There they stood behind her, holding her long, vĕlvĕt trāin.

12. As for the goose-herd, he disappeared and was never seen again. He was a good fairy, and his work was now done.

13. When the old lord saw Tattercoats thus dressed, he knew her for her mother's daughter. In looking upon her, he had broken his vow. This grĭēvĕd him more than the loss of his child. There was nothing for him to do now but hāstēn home and die of vexātiōn.

14. But Tattercoats and the prince were soon after mārriēd in great state.



LESSON XV.

1. The Little Fish.

1. "Dear Mother," said a little fish,
"Pray, is not that a fly?
I'm very hūngrŷ, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

2. "Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook."
3. Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was yöüng and foolish too,
And so he thought he'd venture out
To see if it were true.
4. All round about the hook he played
With many a lönking look,
And, "Dear me!" to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a *hook*."
5. "I can but give one little plück;
Let's see, and so I will."
So on he went, and lo! it stüek
Quite through his little gill.
6. And as he faint and fainter grew,
With höllōw voicē he cried,
"Dear mother, had I minded you
I need not now have died."

2. Is it Fun to Fish?

silently	floundered	speckled
----------	------------	----------

1. I'm sorry they let me go down to the brook,
I'm sorry they gave me the line and the hook,
And I wish I had stayed at home with my book,
I'm sure 'twas no pleasure to see
That poor, little, harmless suffering thing,
Silently writhed at the end of the string;
Or to hold the pole, while I felt him swing
In torture, and all for me!
2. 'Twas a beautiful speckled and glossy trout,
And when from the water I drew him out
On the grassy bank, as he floundered about,
It made me shivering cold,
To think I had caused so much needless pain;
And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain;
Oh, never, as long as I live, again,
May I such a sight behold!
3. Oh, what would I give once more to see
The brisk little swimmer alive and free,

And dārting about, as he used to be,
Unhūrt, in his nātivē brook !
'Tis strange how people can love to play,
By taking innoċent lives away ;
I wish I had stayed at home, to-day,
With sister, and read my book.

— H. F. Gōyld.

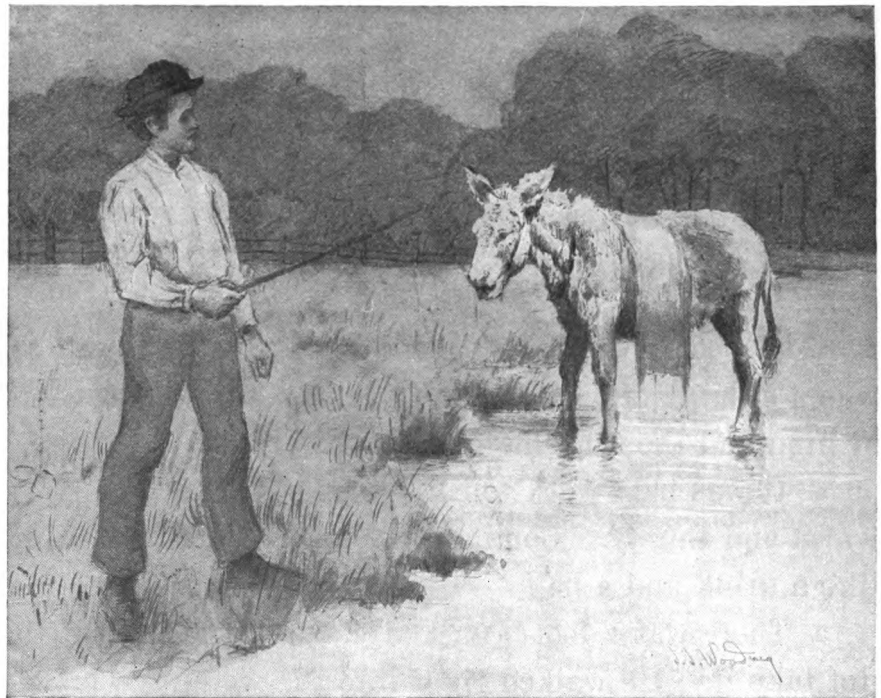
LESSON XVI.

The Dōnkēŷ and the Sālt.

1. A poor dōnkēŷ once had a very heavy load. It was a great bag of sālt. Half the bag hung on one side of him, and the other half on the other side.
2. It was hard work to carry this. It made him very warm and thīrstŷ. Coming to a brook, he felt he would like a drink and a bāth.
3. There was a foot-brīdgē over the brook, but he did not take it. He walked right into the water.
4. The brook wet his feet and legs. It cooled him nicely. As he wāded across, he took a good drink.
5. John's māster did not want him to go that way. He wished to keep the bags dry. We can easily gūēss

why ; for, of ~~eō~~urse, we all know what happens to salt when it is put into water.

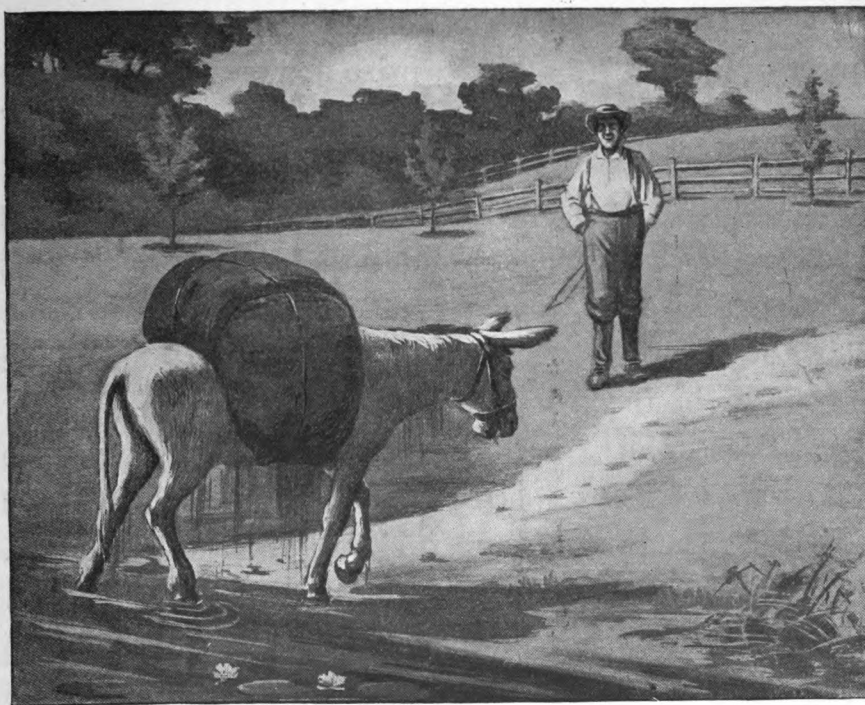
6. In the ~~dē~~pest part of the brook, poor John had



a mishāp. He stūmblēd over a stone and lost his footing. Before he could rēgāin it, he had been cār-ried a little way down the stream. Then he had to

swim up again to where the path was. All this kept him in the water much too long to please his master.

7. But John was pleased, for when he came out of



the water, his load was much lighter. He stepped briskly on, not caring a fig for the seolding his master gave him.

8. By and by, he came to another brook. Thinking to lighten his load still more, he lay right down in the water. When he came out, the salt was almost all melted away.

9. "There!" said he to himself; "now I shall have an easy time of it. What a wise donkey I am! I will try the same trick every time I have to cross the brook."

10. "I know a trick worth two of that," thought his master. So, the next day, he gave John a bag of sponges to carry home. John was delighted with so light a load. But when he came to the first brook, he thought he would make it lighter yet. He therefore lay down in the water, as before.

11. Poor John! He could hardly get up again, the bag was so heavy. He walked on after that very soberly. The water kept trickling from the sponges. A cold wind from the north blew it against his legs.

12. "One can't depend on brooks," said John to himself, as he trudged along. "Sometimes they make a heavy load light. Sometimes they make a light load heavy."

13. When he came to the second brook, he crossed it on the bridge.

LESSON XVII.

A Story without an End.

PART I.

1. There was once a king who was very fond of hearing stories. He spent nearly all his time listēning to them. He was always sorry when the story came to an end. He was always ready for the next one.

2. At last he said that nothing would satisfy him but a story without an end. He said, "Let the man who can tell such a story come to me. I will give him my daughter, the princēss, for a wife. At my dēath, he shall become king. But if his story comes to an end, he shall losē his head."

3. Many poor, foolish story-tellers tried to win the princēss, and the kingdom. But they lost their heads instēad. They tried and tried to spin their stories out. But somehow, in spite of everything, the stories would come to an end.

4. At last a man came who said he was sure he could satisfy the king. At the gates, he was told how

many had lost their lives in trying to do this. But he said he was not afrājd. So they took him to the king.

a. "O king!" he began, "there was once a king who was a great tȳrant. Wishing to become very rich, he built an immēnsø granarȳ. When finished, it was as high as a mountain. Into this he put all the grain of the kingdom. He did this year after year. At last the granarȳ was filled to the very top.

6. "Soon after this, the lōeusts came. They came in clouds. There were millions of them. They filled the air and därkønd the sky.

7. "When they had eaten all the green leaves in the eøuntrȳ, they attäcked the granary. The māsøns had left a small hole at the top. It was just big enough to let one lōeust go in at a time.

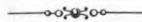
a. "The locusts found this hole and one of them went in. He picked up a grain of corn and went out again. Then another locust went in and took away another grain. And then another locust went in and took away another grain."

a. So the man went on. He told how the corn was taken away, one grain at a time. At last the king stopped him.

10. "I want to hear what happened after the corn was all taken away," he said.

11. "But I haven't come to that yet," replied the man. "I cannot tell the second half of the story until I have finished the first half. This I am just beginning. And then another locust went in and took away another grain. And then another locust went in and took away another grain. And then another locust went in and took away another grain."

12. He kept on in this way, for six months, only stopping to eat and sleep. The king grew weary of listening and took many a long nap. When he awoke he would say, "What, are they at it yet?" Then he would go to sleep again.



LESSON XVIII.

A Story without an End.

PART II.

1. At the end of six months, the king felt that he could bear this dreary tale no longer. "How long is this part of your story going to last, friend?" he said.

2. "O king, there is no knowing," rēplīēd the story-teller. "The locusts have clēārēd one little corner. All the rest rēmāīns, but it will go in time. The air is still thick with locusts. But each will take away his grain, and some day it will all be gone. Let the king have pātiēncē. And then another locust went in and took away another grain. And then another locust went in and took away another grain. And then another locust went in and took away another grain."

3. And so he went on, as before. The king wōn-derēd if he would live long enough to get to the last grain of corn. Then he sighēd and fell asleep again.

4. The days, weeks, and months rōllēd by. A year had pāssēd, and still the locusts were going in, one by one. Still the sky was black with them and the granary was nearly full.

5. At last the king gave up in dēspāīr. "Friend," said he, "you have kept your prōmīsē. I see there is no end to your story. I don't want to know what became of the rest of the corn. You may have my daughtēr and my kingdōm if you will only give me peace. Let me hear no more of the locusts and the corn."

6. So the story was never finished.



SOAP BUBBLES.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.

ELIZABETH GARDNER.

LESSON XIX.

1. Grasshopper Gray.

1. Grasshopper, Grasshopper Gray,
Where are you going to-day?

“I’m on a tōur

For my hēalth, to be sure,”

Says Mr. Grasshopper Gray.

2. Grasshopper, Grasshopper Gray,
What is your hurry? Pray stay!

“Why, don’t you rēmēmbē?”

’Tis the first of September,”

Says Mr. Grasshopper Gray.

3. Grasshopper, now tell me true;
What can that matter to you?

“Why, there is my school—

I’m nobōdý’s fool,”

Says Mr. Grasshopper Gray.

4. A jump and a hop. Please wait.
Do you rēally mean to state

That you read and spell,
And cīpher, as well,
Dear Mr. Grasshopper Gray ?

5. A hop, a jump. “ What dēlāy !
This gōssip don't rēally pay.
'Tis the highest prize
For leg exercise,
I'm after,” says Grasshopper Gray.
— Mrs. M. F. Butts.

2. The Pigtail.

1. A Chinaman once grieved to find
His pigtail always hung behind ;
He didn't want it there.
2. And so he thought, “ What shall I do ?
I'll tūrn around ; — yes, that will do !
Then it will come before.”
3. As quick as thought, he tūrned him round,
But still, to his distress, he found,
The pigtail hung behind.



4. He quickly turned the
other way.

That chānged it not.

Aläck-a-day!

The pigtail hung be-
hind.

5. Then like a top he spun
around,

But all in vain, for still
he found,

The pigtail hung be-
hind.

6. He turned and turned to get his will,
And to this day keeps turning. Still,
The pigtail hangs behind.

7. What would the man from China do
If from his nose the pigtail grew?
'Tis better hung behind.

— From the Gërman.

LESSON XX.

The Frōgs that Wanted a King.

bury subjects

1. A nātiōn of frōgs once lived in a beautifūl lake. They had everything that heart could wish except a king. There was no one to rule over them.

2. So they began to find fault. "Everything is so plain among us," they said. "We need a little splēndōr. We ought to have a king and a cōurt."

3. So they prayed to Jūpīter to send them a king.

4. "Silly frogs!" thought Jūpīter. "They don't know what they are asking for; but let them have their way." Then he rolled a great log into the pond.

5. The log made such a splāsh in falling that the frogs were greatly frightened. They hāstēned to bury themsēlvēs in the mud or hide behind stones at the bottom of the lake.

6. But the water soon became quīēt again. Then they came out of their hiding places. The log lay still on the sūrfacē.

7. Grōwing bolder, the frogs swam around it and then jumped upon it. The log let them do as they pleased and said nothing.

8. "This is not a king," said a scornful frog. "It cannot rule over us. It is only a stupid log."

9. So they prayed again to Jupiter, and this time he sent a stork to be their king.

10. Seeing him approach, the frogs hastened to meet him. They were delighted with his kingly look.

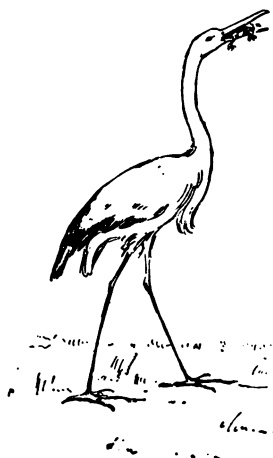
11. "See what strides he takes!" said one. "See how proudly he holds his head up!" exclaimed another. "What a lovely feather coat he wears!" cried a third.

12. On came the stork, and the frogs swarmed out of the lake. They meant to greet him as good subjects should.

13. But the stork had come to rule indeed. Putting down his long bill, he seized the first frog and swal-lowed him before he could make his bow. Frog number two followed before number three had time to turn.

14. The other frogs now tried their best to escape; but many of them failed. Their frantic leaps could not take them back toward the lake as fast as their king's long legs could carry him.

15. The great bill of the stork sēīzēd upon frog after frog as fast as he could swāllōw them. King stork had live frog for brēakfast, dinner, and supper, as long as he stayed there. He grēw fat and slēek.



16. When there was not another frog left in the lake, he went in sēarch of some other company of frogs that might want a king.

— AĒsop.

LESSON XXI.

Dümmling.

PART I.

1. There was once a boy named Dümmling. He was gēntlē and kind. He had two brōthers older than he. They were not kind like Dummling, and so they thought him foolish, and made fun of him.

2. By and by the older brothers grew tired of home. Then they made up their minds to leave home and seek their fortunes. They told their little brother what they meant to do.

3. Dummling wanted to go with them on their travels. They allowed him to do so, because they thought he would amuse them.

4. Soon after they set out, they came to an ant hill. The two older brothers wanted to break it down. But Dummling begged them not to harm the ants and they went on.

5. They next came to a pond where many ducks were swimming. "Let us catch a brace of these ducks," said the oldest brother. "Roasted, they will make us a fine meal." But Dummling pleaded for the ducks and they were left in peace.

6. Soon after this, they came to a bee tree. The bees' nest was overflowing with honey. The two older brothers would have taken the honey. But Dummling said, "No, let us leave the bees with what they have made." So they went on until they came to a great castle. They could see no people about, but in the stable were several stone horses.

7. At one end of the ~~eastle~~, they found a door with three locks. They peeped ~~through~~ a hole, and saw a man sitting at a table. He looked ~~fierce~~, but they called him to come out. When they had called him three times, he came.

a. He said nothing, but led them to a table ~~spread~~ with good things. They made a ~~heartly~~ meal and then went to sleep in some beds which he showed them.



LESSON XXII.

Dummling.

PART II.

remembered	sentence	sugar
------------	----------	-------

1. The next morning, the man led the oldest of the brothers to a stone table. On it were ~~written~~ three

sentences. The first said that the pēarls of the prīncēss were hīdden under the moss in the wood. It also said that every one of these pēarls must be found. If at sunset one should be missing, he who had sōught them would be tūrnēd to stone.

2. The oldest brother set out at once to look for the pearls. At sunset, however, he had found only a hundred. So the poor fellow was at once tūrnēd to stone.



3. The next day, the same thing hāp-pēnēd to the sēcōnd brother. He found but two hundred pearls, and he, too, became a stone man.

4. Then came Dummling's turn. He sēarchēd long in the moss, but at last gave up and began to cry. He felt sure that he would be turned to stone, as his brothers had been.

5. But that was not to be, for friends were near. Who should they be but the ants, whose lives he had saved? They came in great armies to help him. These little diggers seemed to know without telling just what Dummling needed. They soon found all the pearls and piled them up nicely at his feet.

6. But finding the pearls was only one of the three things that had to be done. The second sentence on the table commanded him to do another. This was to find the key of the room in which the princess slept. The key was in the pond which the brothers had passed.

7. The ducks that Dummling had befriended remembered him. When he reached the lake, they swam toward him. One of them dived to the bottom and brought up the key. Thus was Dummling saved a second time.

8. But the third sentence called for something still harder. This time, he must pick out the youngest of the king's three daughters.

9. They were all sleeping in one bed, and looked just alike, as you can see in the picture. Each, however, before going to sleep, had eaten something sweet.



One had eaten honey, another sȳrup and the thīrd, sugar. Just at the right mōmēt, in flew the Quēēn Bee and tāstēd of their mouths. Of course she stāīd lōngest upon that which had eaten honey. Thus Dummling was ēnāblēd to pick out the right prīnçēss.

10. When he had done so, everything rējoicēd and those that had been turned to stone came back to life.

11. Dummling was rēwardēd by being made a king. The ants, ducks, and bees rēmāīnēd his friends to the end of his life.

— Grimm.

LESSON XXIII.

The Lordling's Lësson.

1. A little lord ~~ēngāgēd~~ in play,
~~Cāre~~lessly threw his ball away.
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.
2. By chance, there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy.
His frock was ~~pātchēd~~, his hat was old,
But his manly heart was very bold.
3. "You little chap, pick up my ball,"
His ~~saycŷ~~ lordship loud did call.
He did not care to be pōlitē
To one with clothes in such a plight.
4. "Do it yourself, for want of me,"
The boy rēplīēd quite manfully.
Then quīētlŷ he passed along,
Whistling aloud his merry song.

5. His little lordship fūri~~ous~~ grew,
For he was proud and hāstý, too.
“I’ll break your bones,” he rudely cries,
While fire flāshēs from his eyes.
6. Now, looking not which way he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook ;
And, as he fell, he lost his bat,
And next, he drōppēd his beaver hat.
7. “Come, help me out,” ěnrāgēd he cried ;
But thus the farmer’s boy rēplīēd :
“Your tone just ālter, little man,
And then I’ll help you all I can.
8. “Few are the things I would not dāre
For gēntlē~~mēn~~ who speak me fāir ;
But, for rude words, I do not cho~~ose~~
To wet my feet and soīl my shoes.”
9. “Please help me out,” his lordship said ;
“I’m sorry I was so ill-bred.”
“’Tis all forgot,” replied the boy,
And gave his hand with hōnest joy.

— Old English pōēm.

LESSON XXIV.

Washington's Boyhood.

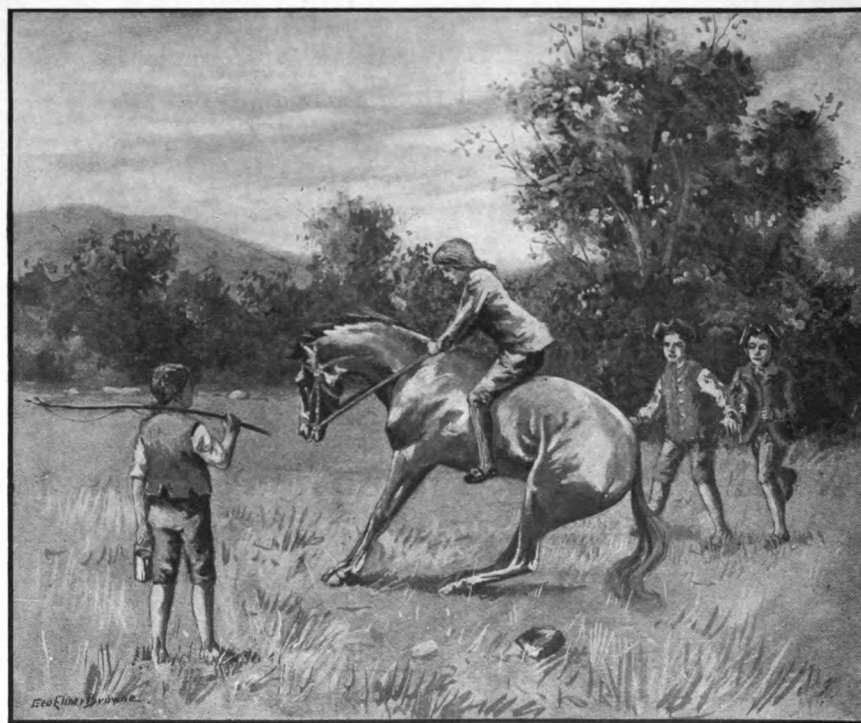
president

1. When George Washington was about ten years old, his father died. He had a good mother, of whom he was very fond.

2. When you see that a boy loves his mother, you may safely say, "That boy will make a manly man." George loved his mother and was proud of her. He was thoughtful and tender, and willing to "give up" things for her sake.

3. Everybody who has heard the story of George and the cherry tree, knows that he was truthful. Here is another story something like that one. It tells of a thing that happened soon after George's father died.

4. Early one morning, a wild colt was racing and capering about one of Mrs. Washington's fields. Nobody was able to manage it. "Boys," said George to some of his friends, "I am bound to break that colt." It was a dangerous thing to try, but George



liked to do things that frightened other people. The boys were sūprised at George's dāring, but they agreed to help him all they could.

5. They ran after the colt till they caught him. Then they put a bit in his mouth, and held him while George mounted. Away flew the horse, back and forth across the field.

6. Then he stöppēd short. Then he rēārēd and bäckēd. He tried his best to unseāt his rider, but the boy was as stübbörn as he.

7. With one last ěffōrt, the frightened anīmal made a high leap, and fell to the ground dēād.

8. This was a bad matter. The boys went home trēmbling with fear.

9. George's mother, knowing they had come from the fields, began to ask about the horses.

10. "Did you see my sörrel colt?" she asked.

11. The boys looked at each other in silēncē. For a mōmēnt, no one dārēd to speak.

12. Then George said, "The sörrel is dead, mādām; I killed him."

13. His mother looked grīvēd, but said nothing. So George went on, and told the whole story.

14. When he had finishēd she said gēntly, "I rēgrēt the loss of my sorrel, but I rējoicē in my son, who always speaks the truth."

15. When Washington was fourteen years of age, he wanted very much to become a sailor.

16. After much cōāxing, his mother consēnted. A wār ship was then lying in the river, just below Mount

Věrnon. A place on this ship was obtained for the boy. Everything was ready. His clothes were on board, and the time had come to say good-by. Then his mother broke down. She could not bear to part with her boy. George saw how grieved she was. He loved his mother so well that he could not bear to make her suffer. He had his clothing brought back, and gave up the plan.

17. George Washington's mother did not live to see her son President of the United States. It would have made her very proud to do so; but I do not think she would have been surprised.

LESSON XXV.

Real Fun.

1. Robert and his big brother William were taking a walk in the country. They passed a field in which some men were at work digging potatoes. In a corner of the zigzag fence, they saw a pair of shoes.

2. "Those belong to that barefooted laborer," said William. "He cannot afford to wear them while at work. He needs them to walk home in. He has a long way to go and a large family to keep."

3. "Wouldn't it be fun to hide them!" said R**öb**ert. "We could conceal ourselves and watch him hunt for them."

4. "But," said William, "he will be very tired when his day's work is done. He would be very unhappy to find that he must spend time in looking for his shoes. It would make him late for supper, too, and cold food is a poor reward for a hard day's work."

5. Robert's face fell. He was not unkind at heart, and would not knowingly add to a poor man's troubles. He saw that there would be no real fun in the trick he had proposed.

6. "I'll tell you what will be a joke," said William. "Let us put a dime into each of his shoes and watch his surprise when he finds them."

7. Robert searched his pockets. Sure enough! he had a dime, and William had another. So they put the coins into the poor man's shoes. Then they went behind a rock to wait, for the men were now leaving their work.

8. The barefooted laborer came to the spot where he had left his shoes. There was no sign of pleasure in his face — only a look of weariness.

9. "How glad I am we didn't hide the shoes!" thought Robert.

10. The man bent stiffly to take the shoes and sat down upon a rock to put them on. The first one went on as usual. But the dime in the second stuck across the toe. This kept his foot from going all the way in. With a sigh of weariness, he took the shoe off and shook it.

11. Out fell the dime. The man looked surprised. Then he picked it up and examined it on both sides to see if it was good. The boys saw that he was talking to himself, but could not hear what he said.

12. He put the shoe on and arose to go. Then he seemed to feel something in the other shoe. He sat down again, took it off, and shook it. The other dime fell out on the ground.

13. This was too much for him. He threw up his hands and shouted, "Hurrah for the kind friend that knows a poor man's needs! I wish I knew where he is, so that I could thank him."

14. Robert and William did not come out to be thanked; but they went home happy, feeling that that they had done a good deed.



PICTURE FOR A STORY.

LESSON XXVI.

What Makes the Sea Salt.

PART I.

1. Vīdkin and Skilfin were brothers. Vīdkin was a rich man, but Skilfin was "poor as a chūrch mouse." You must know that a chūrch mouse is very poor indeed. There are no pantries in church, for there is nothing to put upon the pantrý shēlvēs.

2. Skilfin was one day grōaning over his pōvěrtý. "Never mind," said his good wife; "all things come to him who will but wait." By this she meant that řichēs come to those who work hard and are pātient.

3. So Skilfin worked hard, day by day, and tried to be very pātient. And sure enough, one morning he awoke to find himself the ōwner of a wōnderful mill.

4. It was a mill that went by wōrd-power. That is, one did not need horses, or steam, or even a water-wheel to make it grīnd. All one had to do was to talk words into it. Cērtain words would make it go, and others would make it stop. And the mill would grīnd out anything that was needed.

5. Skilfin, being very poor, wanted a great many things, of cōurse. So he kept the mill going night and day for a long time. He made it grind out houses and fūrniture and beāūtīful gardens and sērvants. He made it grind out fine clōthes for him and his wife. They soon had more than they could ever wear out.

6. Last of all it ground him out more mōnēy than he could ever spend. Then he had no fūrther use for the mill, and he told it to stop grinding.

7. Now, while Skilfin was poor, his brother had never taken much notīce of him. The mill, however, had now made Skilfin the richer of the two. So Vidkin prickēd up his ears and opened his eyes wide to find out what had causēd the change. But not a thing could he dis-cōver without asking. At last, one day, he went to see Skilfin, and asked him how he had become so rich.

8. Then his brother told him about the mill, and he was greatly āstonishēd. "Why do you let it stand idle?" said he. "Give it to me, and I'll keep it working."

9. So Skilfin gave him the mill and told him how to make it go. But Vidkin was afraid his brother might take the mill back. So he hurriēd away with it, forgetting to ask how to stop it.

LESSON XXVII.

What Makes the Sea Salt.

PART II.

amusement presently

1. That day Vidkin told his wife that he would get the dinner, and he sent her out to turn the hay. To make light work of getting the dinner, he set the mill going. "Grind fish and gruēl," said he. "Grind both well and fast."

2. Soon the dishes were all full of fish and gruēl, and the mill was still at work. Then Vidkin brought tubs, and before long they were full too. Still the mill went on grinding, and Vidkin could not stop it.

3. After a while the room began to fill up, and the mill ground faster and faster. At last it was all that Vidkin could do to get the door open and ěseāpē. As he did so, a river of fish and gruel poured out after him.

4. So he had to run to Skilfin and beg him to come

and stop the mill. "If you don't," he said, "the whole world will be drowned in fish and gruel."

5. Skilfin hastened to the mill and stopped its grinding for that time. Then he took it back home and kept it to amuse his friends. From time to time he would start and stop it, just to show them what it could do.

6. One day it struck Skilfin that he would like to have his house gilded. The mill ground out gold enough to cover the house all over. Then it ground out money to pay the workmen for putting it on. When the work was done, the house shone like a fairy palace and could be seen far out at sea.

7. After a while the mill became very famous, and people came from far and near to see it. Among the visitors there came one day a sea captain. His ship was employed in carrying salt.

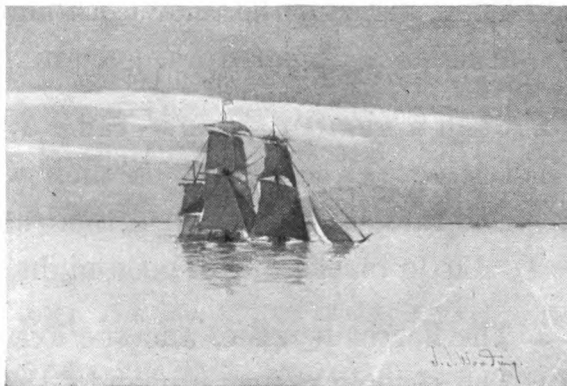
8. "Will the mill grind out salt?" he asked Skilfin. "If it will, I will buy it and keep it on my ship. Then I can get my salt without making long voyages."

9. Skilfin told him it would, and sold him the mill. He, too, was so eager that he forgot to ask how to stop the mill. He ran with it to his ship in great haste. He was impatient to become rich quickly.

10. He put to sea with it, and was soon at some distance from the land. Then he said to the mill, "Grind salt both fast and well."

11. The mill obeyed, and soon there was a good cargo of salt in the hold of the vessel. But the mill did not stop with that. It kept on grinding and grinding.

12. The captain could not run to Skilfin from his ship. There was no one to stop the mill. The pile of salt grew until it covered all the deck, and the sailors had to take to their boats.



13. After every human being had left the ship, the mill went on grinding, grinding, all alone. At last the pile mounted so high and became so heavy that the ship sank.

14. But even then the mill did not cease to grind. Far down under the blue water it works to this day as it will work forever.

LESSON XXVIII.

1. Good-night and Good-morning.

prayer	sewing
--------	--------

1. A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see.
Then she ~~smoothened~~ her work and folded it right
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"
2. Such a number of crows came over her head,
Crying "~~Caw!~~ ~~caw!~~" on their way to bed,
She said, as she ~~watched~~ their ~~cūrious~~ flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"
3. The horses ~~neighed~~, and the oxen ~~lowed~~,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"
4. She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
~~Though~~ she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the ~~wōrld~~, and never could sleep.

5. The tall pink fōxglōvə bowed his head ;
 The vīōlets eūrtsīd, and went to bed ;
 And good little Lūçý tied up her hair,
 And said on her knees, her fāvōrite prayer.
6. And, while on her pillōw she softly lay,
 She knew nothing more till again it was day ;
 And all things said to the bēautiful sun,
 “ Good-morning, good-morning ! our work is begun.”

— Lord Hōughton.

2. The Brook.

1. King Frōst comes and locks me up,
 The sunshine sets me free.
 I frōlic with the grave old trees,
 And sing right chēerily.
2. I go to see the lady flōwers,
 And make their dīamōnd sprāy ;
 The birds fly down to chat with me ;
 The children come to play.
3. I am the blue sky's looking-glass ;
 I hold the rāīnbōw bārs ;

The moon comes down to visit me
And brings the little stars.

4. Oh, měrrý, měrrý is my life,
As ĝýpsý's out of Spāĭn,
Till grim Jack Fröst comes from the Nōrth,
And locks me up again.

— Mrs. M. F. Butts.



LESSON XXIX.

Fairy Apples.

PART I.

(A Jāpanēse Story.)

invitation

1. At a cērtāin fair, three apples were expōsed for sale a long time. At last, some one said, "What is the price of these apples? It seems that no one is rich enough to carry them off."

2. It was an old man that had them to show. His

beard was long and white. He had deep wrinkles across his forehead, and bushy eyebrows. He looked very wise as he replied: "Money cannot buy these apples. They are fairy apples. To gain them, you must go to a fountain in yonder forest. There you must say 'Tōken brōken' twenty times. Then the apples will be yours, and you will get wisdom with them."



3. A great crowd listened to this in wonder; for many had come to look at the wonderful apples that nobody could buy.

4. The young Lord Strut-About thought himself very wise. He said, "I will have those apples!" But the old man only smiled to see him start off so boldly.

5. At the edge of the forest the young lord's horse

fell and broke his neck. As he thought it unlucky to turn back, Lord Strut-About then went along on foot.

6. He had not gone far when he met a pretty little girl. She said, "Come with me, and I will show you an orchard where fairy apples grow. There are so many that the branches break under their weight."

7. Lord Strut-About said to himself, "What is the use of working so hard for three fairy apples? It seems that I can have all I want for the picking."

8. So he went with the child and soon reached the trees. But when he began to pick the apples, the branches all began to beat him. They did this so thoroughly that he was glad to run home.

9. When he told his story, the people laughed at him and said, "Even a lord should not steal. It is better to earn your apples."

10. Then Count Littleway said he would earn the apples. He was more modest than Lord Strut-About, so he started on foot.

11. When he met the little girl, he listened to her invitation. Then he smiled and said he didn't want any stolen fruit, and went on.

12. Presently he met a very beautiful young lady.

She had a skein of silk in her hand. She said to him, "Sir, I am on my way to the queen with this skein of silk. I must wind it into a ball before I reach her. Will you not hold it for me?"



13. "Yes," said Count Littleway. "I will hold it for you because you are so beautiful."

14. But as the young lady wound and wound, the skein grew larger as well as the ball. At last, Count Littleway found himself so covered by it that he could not move.

15. Then a sweet sleep fell upon him, and what do

you think was the next thing he knew? Why, morning had come, and he found himself lying in front of the märkēt place. Near him was the old man's booth, and a laughing crowd stood about him.



LESSON XXX.

Fairy Apples.

PART II.

twentieth

1. Next, Sir Cautious thought he would try.

2. When he met the little girl, he only shook his head in answer to her coaxing and passed on. When the young lady asked him to hold her skein, he shook his head again. "No," said he, "beauty is deceiving," and he trudged along.

3. At last he came to the fountain and began to say, "Tōken brōken." As he did so, every tree about him blossomed out with tin cans and pitchers. These set up such a clatter that he could not hear his own voice. "Drink out of me, drink out of me," cried they all.

4. In his sŭrprĭse at this sudden ehōrus, he lost his count. "Before I begin over again," said he, "I will take a drink of this clear cool water;" and he reached for the nearest pĭtcher. But, on taking it down from its branch, he found it contāined wine.

5. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, "this is better than water;" and he drank of the wine. Then the other cans and pitchers cried louder than ever, "Drink out of me." So he drank from them one by one, until many were ěmptŷ.

6. At last the trees began to dance, and he forgot his ěrrand and began to dance with them. Then a tree caught him up in its arms, and tossed him to another tree, and that to another, and so on.

7. While they thus played ball with him, he lost his sěnsěs. He knew no more until he found himself in the willow tree just outside the fair. There stood the crowd laughing at him as they had at the others.

8. The old man now told the people not to laugh any more. "There is only one among you," said he, "who can earn the apples." So saying, he pointed to a very quĭět-looking young man.

9. The young man, whose name was Jack Hŭmblē,

blūshēd at this, but said he would try, and startēd off at once.

10. When he met the little girl, he would not listen. He was afrāīd she would tēmt him to take what was not his.

11. When he met the young lady, he would not trust himself to look at her, but passed right on.

12. When he reached the fountain, he paused a moment to think. Then he said, to himself, "Where so many have failēd, the task cannot be easy. I must try my hārdest."

13. Then he began to say "Tōkēn brōkēn." The cans and pitchers at once blōomēd out and began their clatter. But, though he was greatly frightēnēd, he never lost his count.

14. When he said "Token broken" the twentieth time, all became silēnt. The fōrest looked again like any other fōrest. Nothing rēmāīnēd to do but to walk back and claim the apples. This he did.

15. "What have you lēarnēd?" cried the people, as he tūrnēd to walk off with the fruit. "You were to have the apples and get wisdōm with them."

16. "I have lēarnēd two things," rēplīēd he. "In the

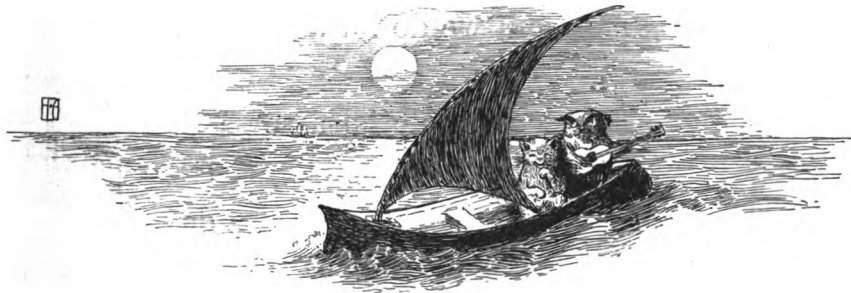
first place, I have learned that all apples are fairy apples; ~~else~~, how do they grow?

17. "And I have learned that the only way to ~~e~~conquer is to keep right on."



LESSON XXXI.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat.



1. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some ~~honey~~, and plenty of ~~money~~
~~Wrapp~~d up in a five-pound note,
Pound note,
~~Wrapp~~d up in a five-pound note.

2. The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small gyltär,
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”
3. Pussy said to the Owl, “You ēlegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be mārrīed; too long we have tārried:
But what shall we do for a ring?
A ring,
But what shall we do for a ring?”
4. They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bōng-tree grows;
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.
5. “Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”

So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Tūrkeŷ who lives on the hill,
The hill,
By the Tūrkeŷ who lives on the hill.

6. They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runçible spoon:
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

— Edwārd Lēár.



LESSON XXXII.

Cinderella, or The Glass Slipper.

PART I.

1. There was once a very worthy gentleman who had a little daughter. The little girl's mother was dead and the father missed her sadly. His little daughter was loving and bright, but could not quite fill her mother's place. So the father decided to marry again.

2. The new wife brought with her two daughters of her own. These, of course, became the step-sisters of the motherless little girl. Having now both a mother and sisters, she felt very happy.

3. But things turned out very badly for her. Her new relations did not love her as she thought they would. Her step-mother was cross and unkind, and her step-sisters even more so. All three treated her shockingly.

4. They made her their servant. They kept her hard at work all day. They gave her no time for rest or play. At night they sent her to sleep in the garret.

5. In the evening she had to stay in the kitchen. She did not cōmplāīn to her father. She thought it would make him unhappy. She sat all alone among the ġinders in the great chimnēy corner. So her step-sisters gave her the name of Ćinderēllā.

6. Poor Cinderella was very unhappy. And there came no change for many years. The two step-sisters spent their lives in plēasure. They drēssed finely and went to many balls and pārties.

7. Cinderella helped them to dress whenever they were going out. She ārrānged their hair for them too, and did it very prettily. In rētūrn, they snēpered at her and abūsed her more and more.

8. At last, the king's son gave a great ball. It lasted three nights. All the young girls from far and near were invīted. Of cōūrsē, the step-sisters wanted to go and so did Cinderella. But all she could hope for was to wait upon her sisters. For days before the ball, it was "Cinderella, come here!" and "Cinderella, get me this," and "Cinderella, bring me that." Poor Cinderella grew so tired she could hardly stand.

9. When, at last, the sisters had drīven off to the ball, Cinderella sat down to rest. She felt very lōnely

and sad. It was hard, she thought, to have no pleasure at all, when others had so much.



10. "I should like to go to the ball so much!" she said to herself. "But how would these rags look among so much finery?"

11. At that moment she heard a strange noise in the chimney. Then suddenly a little old lady stood before her. She wore a tall, peaked hat, and carried a wand in her hand. Cinderella knew that she must be a fairy. The child was frightened at first, but the fairy spoke cheerfully.

12. "I am your godmother," she said. "I have come to see what you are crying about."

13. Cinderella told her sad story. Her godmother said she should go to the ball. And not only should she go, but she should go in fine style. Only, she must do as her godmother bade her.



LESSON XXXIII.

Cinderella, or The Glass Slipper.

PART II.

astonishment

1. This Cinderella promised to do, and the fairy sent her out into the garden for a large pumpkin. Wondering very much, Cinderella brought it. The fairy cut

out the inside, leaving nothing but a shell. Then she tōuchēd it with her wand. Lo, and behold! At once it became a fine eōāch.

2. Next, Cinderella was sent for the mouse-trap. In it were six fat mice. Cinderella opened the door, and as each mouse ran out, the fairy tōuchēd it with her wand. Thus she tūrned them into six sleek horses, just enough to draw a princēss's eōāch.

3. "Now," said the fairy, "bring me six green līzārds from the garden." This done, she turned the six līzārds into six fine footmen, who clamberēd up behind the coach.

4. Seeing that there was as yet no coachman, Cinderella brought the rat-trap. There were three rats in it.

5. "The very thing!" cried the fairy. Then tōuch-ing the rat with the longest beard, she turned him into a fat and jolly coachman with beautiful whiskers.

6. Then the godmother touched Cinderella with her wand. Instantly, the cinder wēnch became a fine lady, more beautifully dressed than any other in the world. Strāngē to say, her slippers were of glass. Yet they were nēīther hard nor hēāvŷ. Thus was Cinderella made ready for the ball.

7. When she reached the pālācē, everybody gāzēd at her in astonishment. The prince himself came out to hand her from her coach. He had heard that a strāngē princess of great beāūtŷ had ārrivēd.

8. He līngērēd near her all the evening. He was her pārtner in all the dances. When the feast was sprēād, he could not eat, for gāzing on her beāūtŷ.

9. At table she sat next her two step-sisters. She paid them a great deal of attētiōn. She listēnēd pōlitēly to their rēmārks and amūsēd them with her rēplīēs. They were very much flatterēd. They did not know Cinderella at all.

10. The fairy had told Cinderella to be sure and come away before mīdnight. So she listēnēd for the strīking of the clock. When it struck a quārtēr before twēlvē, she bowēd to all and took her leave. When the sisters came home they found the cīnder wēnch in her rags again.

11. Cinderella prētēndēd to be very sleepy from waiting so long for them to come.

12. "If you had been at the ball you would not have been sleepy," cried the sisters.

13. Then they amūsēd her by telling about the wōn-

derful princess. They told her how pōlitē the strānger had been to them. This was to make Cinderella ěnvīōus.

14. The cinder wench said she wished she could go next night to the ball. She bēggēd one of the sisters to lend her an old yēllōw sātīn gōwn. But at this, they both laughēd and jēerēd at her about her rags.

15. The next day, Cinderella helped her sisters again to dress. While she worked for them, they abūsēd her as ūsūal. But she made them look as beautiful as she could.

16. At last they drove off, leaving her sitting in her chimney-corner.



LESSON XXXIV.

Cinderella, or The Glass Slipper.

PART III.

trumpeters afterward

1. No sōōner had the sisters gone than the strange noise came again in the chimney. Then down came the fairy godmother once more.

2. Everything happened as it had on the first evening. Soon Cinderella was at the ball, dressed more richly than before. The king's son was at her side all the evening. He kept telling her how lovely she was.

3. This was, of course, very pleasant to Cinderella, who was used to nothing but abuse. The time passed much more quickly than she thought. When the clock began to strike twelve, she thought it was only eleven.

4. At the last stroke, she started from her seat in alarm. As she fled, the prince followed her; but at the door she vanished. Nobody knew what had become of her. One of her glass slippers, however, was left on the ball-room floor. This the prince took up and kept to remember her by.

5. No one saw a princess leave the palace. But a cinder wench in rags was seen to hasten out of the gate.

6. Cinderella reached home out of breath. She had run all the way. Her coach was gone. Of all her fine clothing, only one thing was left her. That was the mate to the lost slipper.

7. When the sisters came home, Cinderella asked them if they had enjoyed themselves, and if the fine lady had been there.



a "Yes," said they, "but she hurried away when it struck twelve. As she went, she droppd the prettiest little glass slipper in the world. The king's son picked it up. He did nothing but watch her the whole evening. He must be very much in love with her."

a. A few days afterward, the king's son sent out his trumpeters. They told all the people that the prince would marry the lady whose foot the glass slipper would fit.

10. All the great ladies of the court tried to get the

slipper on. It was too small for any of them. Then it was sent to all the ladies round about. Not one of them would it fit. At last it came to the two sisters. They tried to get it on, but in vain.

11. "Let me try it on," said Cinderella, for she knew her slipper. At this the sisters laughed and ~~jēred~~. But the king's page knelt and placed the slipper on her foot. It fitted exactly. Then Cinderella took out of her pocket the other slipper. This she put on the other foot, to every one's sūprīse.

12. At that moment, who should ~~āppēār~~ but the fairy godmother! She touched Cinderella with her wand. Then, before them all, ~~āppēāred~~ the strange princess again.

13. The sisters now fell on their knees before Cinderella. They ~~bēggēd~~ her to forgive them all the ~~wrong~~ they had done her.

14. Lūckily for them, Cinderella was kind and forgiv-ing. She only asked them to love her in the fūture.

15. Not long after, she was taken in all her finerȳ to the cōūrt. There she was mārrīēd to the handsome young prince. So the cinder wench became the greatest lady in the land.

LESSON XXXV.

1. Try, Try Again.

persevere e'er

1. If, at first, you don't sŭcēēd,
Try, try again.
'Tis a lesson all should heed —
Try, try again.
Let your eōūrāgē well āppēār;
If you only persevere,
You will cōnqŭer, never fear,
Try, try again.
2. Twice or thrice thōugh you should fail,
Try, try again.
If at last you would prēvail,
Try, try again.
When you strive, there's no disgrācē
Thōugh you fail to win the race.
Bravely, then, in such a case,
Try, try again.

3. Let the thing be e'er so hard,
Try, try again.
Time will surely bring rēward;
Try, try again.
That which other fōlks can do
Why, with pātience, may not you?
Why, with pātience, may not you?
Try, try again.
-

2. The Snow Fairies.

1. Dolly, there are nice white fēathers
Coming from the clouds; just see!
There's a fairy story 'bout 'em,
That nobody knows but me.
2. All the fâiries' little children
Up amōng the clouds can play;
They get into lots of mischiēf
When their mammas go away.
3. Sometimes, when their mammas leave them,
And they'rē sure they'rē out of sight,



They keep flying, flying, flying,
Till they see a cloud of white.

4. When they get to one that sūts them,
Why, they pick, and pick, and pick,
Till they've torn it all to pŕēçes.
Then they find another, quick.
5. Now a hundred busy children,
Fâirŕ children, dolly dear,
Could spoil more in hălf an hour
Than I could in 'most a yēar.

6. So if some big fairy spiēs them
While they're having all the fun,
They are locked up in a mountain
For the bad, bad things they've done.
7. But I'm glad they're sometimes naughtŷ,
For this fēather stuff, you know,
Falls from clouds they've torn to pĕčēs,
And we always call it "snow."

— Lettie Stērling.

LESSON XXXVI.

The Contented Man.

content

1. A poor lābōrer, named Rōbērt, was going home, after a hard day's work, with a bāskēt in his hand.

2. "What a fine supper I shall have!" said he to himself. This piece of meat I shall stēw. The brōth I shall thicken with my meal, and sēāson with the salt and pēpper. With my ōnions nicely sliced, it will make a dish fit for a king. Then I have a piece of bārlēŷ

bread at home, to finish off with. How I long to be at it!"

3. At this mōmēnt, he heard a noise at the roadside. Looking up, he saw a squīrrēl run up a tree and creep into a hole among the brānchēs.

4. "Hä!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squīrrēls would be for my sick neīghbōr. I'll see if I can get it." So he put down his bāskēt and began to climb the tree.

5. He was about half way up, when, looking back at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it.

6. Rōbērt slipped down as nīmblý as he could, but he was not quick enough. The dog ran off with the meat in his mouth. "Well," said Robert, "I must be contented with ōñion sōp, which is not bad, after all."

7. Walking on, he came to a little pūblic house by the rōadsīdē. Here, a frīend of his was sitting on a bēnch. Robert put down his basket, and took a seat beside his frīend.

8. A tame crōw, that was kept at the house, came slyly behind him. Hopping up on the basket, it stole the little bag of meal and went off with it.

9. Robert did not miss the meal until he had gone

some distance. He went back and sēarchēd for the bag, but could not find it. "Well," said he, "my soyp will be thinner for want of the meal. But I will put a little bread in it, and that will answēr very well."

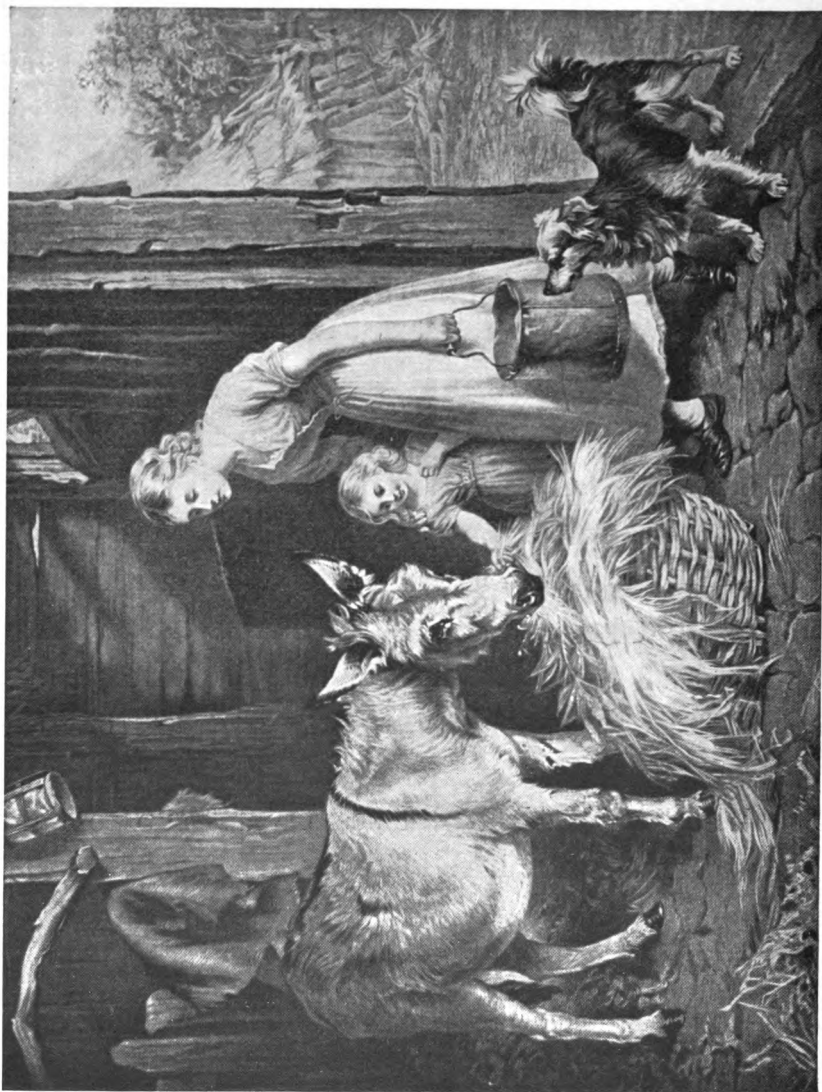
10. He went on again, and soon came to a little brook, over which a nārrōw plānk was laid. A young wōman stood looking at the plānk. She wished to cross, but was afraid. Robert kīndly helped her by giving her his hand.

11. On reaching the middle of the plank, she cried out that she was falling. He tried to suppōrt her. In doing so, he dropped his basket into the stream.

12. As soon as she was safe acrōss, he jumped into the brook, and got his basket. When he came ashōrē, he found that the salt was all mēlted. The pēpper was washēd away, too. Nothing was now left but the onions.

13. "Well," said Robert, "I see I must sup to-night on rōasted onions and bārleȳ bread. Last night I had nothing but bread. Whatever I have to-day, it will be all the same to-morrow." So saying, he trūdgēd on, singing as before.

14. Contentmēt is better than riches.



AFTER WORK.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.

G. A. HOLMES.

LESSON XXXVII.

A Fāmøus Tea Pärtŷ.

President	English	England
colonists	Gentlemen	sassafras

1. "Aunt, you prømisēd to tell us a story to-night."
2. "Yes, children, and I have just been thinking that I would tell you about two pärtŷes," said Aunt Rūth. They both took place a great many years ago."
3. "Before you were born?" asked Jack.
4. "Yes, and long before Grandpä was born. One was a tea-party, and the other a dinner-party."
5. "Oh, that is fine! I trust the people had lots of good things," cried Tom, who was fond of eating.
6. "They did not have many kinds of food," answered his aunt.
7. "The tea-party took place first, so I will begin with that. It was held on board a great ship in Bøstøn Hərbør. It was a fancy-dress party, for the people who came were dressed as Indians."

8. "I wish I had been there," said Jack. "It must have been as good as a çircus!"

9. "Who gave the party?" asked Măřion.

10. "Nobody. It was a sŭrpriz party. The British were sŭrprized by the men dressed as Indians."

11. "At that time this contrŭ had no President. It was ruled by the English. The people were called colonists. England wanted to tăx the colonists, and make a great deal of money. The colonists thought this was not right. They agreed not to use tea or anything else that was tăxed. Gentlemen wōre coarse home-spun clothes. Ladies made tea of săge lăaves and sassafras, and pretended that it tăsted good."

12. "That was make-believe tea, wasn't it, Aunt Ruth?" asked Măřion, who liked to play with her dishes.

13. "Maybe it was only a make-believe party," said Jack.

14. "No, it was a very réal party. One day a big shipload of tea was sent to Bōston. The colonists were so ăngry that they would not allow the tea to be brought ashore. Then a party of men dressed themselves as Indians. They went on board the ship, and

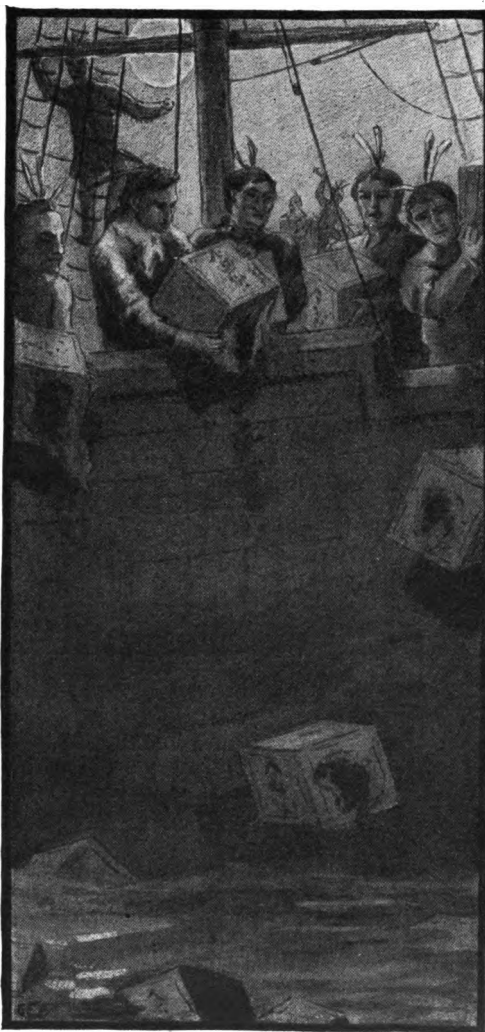
emptied every one of the tea-chests into the water. Now you know the story of what has ever since been called 'The Boston Tea Party.' "

15. "It must have been fun, but there was not much to eat," said Tom.

16. "They could have had some tea," said Marion.

17. "Well, I, for one, am glad they threw it overboard," said Jack.

18. "Now, off to bed, every one of you," said their aunt. "The next time I come, you shall have the story of the dinner-party."



LESSON XXXVIII.

A Fāmøus Dinner Party.

invitation	remembered	envelopes	American
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1. Jack, Tom, and Marion could hardly wait for Aunt Ruth's next visit; they were so ēāger to hear about the dinner-party.

2. Now she had come, and they gāthered around her.

3. "The people who went to the dinner-party really had something to eat," she began.

4. "Did they send out invitations?" asked Marion. She remembered some tiny envelopes and sheets of note-paper that had been mailed for her birthday party.

5. "No, the hōst, Ġēneral Marion, asked his guest very pōlītely to take dinner with him."

6. "Ġēneral *Marion*! Why, his name was the same as mine."

7. "Yes, but Marion is your Christian name. It was the Ġēneral's sūrnāme. There is something for you to think about."

8. "A soldier's fâre is not always very good."

9. "Yes, I know," said Jack, "sometimes it is nothing but hărdtăck and pork."

10. "Marion was an American general. One day an English officer came to the camp with a flag of truce. Who can tell me what a flag of truce is?"

11. "I can. It is a white flag. The enemÿ brings it in his hand, and it means, 'I come to talk, not to fight.'"

12. "Very well explained, Jack; very well, indeed. This soldier had come to say something about an exchange of prisoners. When he was about to leave, General Marion said, 'I hope you will do us the honor to dine with us.'"

13. "The officer looked around, but he could see no table set. No dishes, no pots, no pans, and no signs of dinner were in sight. But, for all that, he did not refuse the invitation; he was too polite."

14. "There was, however, just one thing to eat. Guess what it was. It was something good."

15. "Candy!" said Marion, who had what papa called a sweet tooth.

"No."

16. "Turkey," guessed Jack.

"I know," shouted Tom; "it was canned plum-
pudding."

17. "All wrong," said Aunt Ruth. "They had roasted
sweet pōtātōs. There they were under the ēmbers of
a bonfirē."

18. "The General's sērvant pulled them out with
a stick, and pinched them to see if they were done.
When he had dusted off the āshēs, he piled them on
a large piece of pīnē bār^k.

19. "This wōdden platter he placed on the trunk of
a tree between the soldiērs. Then the dinner-party
began. The English officer was not used to eating
sweet pōtātōs. He did not seem to care much for
them, but he was very pōlitē. He took one in his
fīngers, and ate it all up."

20. "Why!" said Jack and Tom, almost in the same
brēath, "nothing ēlsē ever tāstēs so good as potatoes
roasted in a bonfire."

21. The next āfternōon some sweet potatoes were
bēggēd from mamma. Then the boys had a game
which they called "General Marion's" dinner-party,
and they played that their sister was "Captain Molly,"
who had come to dīnē with them.

LESSON XXXIX.

The Ill-Natured Brier.

1. Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns, and scratched everything
 'round.
 "I'll just try," said she,
 "How bad I can be;
At picking and scratching, there's few can match me."
2. Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers pure
 white;
 But all who came nigh her
 Were so worried by her,
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.
3. Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way;
 "I wonder," said she,
 "That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

4. A sōber old Linnēt, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:
 “ ’Tis not that she’s fair,
 For you may compare
In beauty, with even Miss Violet there.”



5. “ But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,

Ē'en the wōrms at her feet
 She would never ill-treat,
 And to bird, bee, and butterfly always is sweet."

6. The gārdener's wife then the pāthwāy came down,
 And the mischīevous Brier caught hold of her gown.
 "Oh, dear! what a tēar!
 My gown's spoiled, I dēclāre!
 That trōublēsome Brier has no business there.
 Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire."
 And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

— Annā Bāchē.



LESSON XL.

Mābēl's Lesson.

1. Far away from this place is a large and busy city.
 There, with the very dearest grandmā in the world,
 lived a little orphan girl. There were āunties in the
 house. But it was the grandmā who was always think-
 ing about little Mābēl and doing nice things for her.
 Sometimes, I am sorry to say, she had to do things that

were not at all pleasant. There is much, you see, that little girls must learn, in order to become useful and unselfish women.

2. Mabel had a little friend named Sādīē who sometimes came to play with her.

3. One day, the two little girls trippēd gāily down into the yard in front of the house. It was a wee bit of a yard, — about as big, Aunt Kate used to say, as a bedquilt. There they flittēd about in the sunlight like two bright butterflies.

4. Somebody tappēd on one of the upper windows, and both looked up. It was Aunt Kate. She put out her hand and dropped two cream-drops, and then two more. Mabel caught them all in her apron.

5. Soon after, Sādīē's nurse took her home. Then Mabel went into the house, and eūrlēd up on the sōfā with Flössy, her gray kitten, to rest. Grandma, coming in a few minutes later, smilēd lōvingly at the little girl. Then she said, "Did you and Sadie have a nice game this morning, sweetheart?"

6. "Yes, indeed. I wish Sadie could come every day to play with me. Aunt Kate threw down some dēlicious cream-drops. And just think, grandma! I caught

them, every one, in my āprōn. I am so fond of them! I wish I had a whole box full."

7. "That was very nice. Is Sadie fond of them, too?"

8. Down went Mabel's head, as she slowly rēplīd, "I rēally don't know, grandma."

9. "Did she seem to enjoy eating them?" asked grandma.

10. "Well, you see, we were playing house. I was the mamma, and Sadie was the baby. We never give candy to babies; so I ate all the drops myself."

11. "And did you eat them before poor Sadie, without giving her any?"

12. Mabel made no rēpl̄y, but lay wātchīng grandma's needle as it flew in and out of the pretty dress she was to wear to chūrch next day. She drēādēd to hear what might be said next. But grandma said nōthing more. Prēsēntly she left the room, went to the kitchen, and said something to the cook.

13. That evening, for dēssērt, there was a nice pud-ding. It was rich and creamy, and full of great brown rāīsīns. There was nothing else that Mabel liked so well. She could hardly wait for her share until the grown people were sērvēd. At last her turn came, but

nobody offered her any pudding. Then the little girl exclaimed, "Why, grandma, you have forgotten me."

14. "No, dear, I have not forgotten you; but, you see, we are playing house. We are the grown people, and you are the baby. It would never do to give rich pudding to a baby."

15. Then Mabel held her two rows of teeth tight together, and winked very fast to keep back the tears. She was a brave little girl, and would not let any one see her cry.

16. When bedtime came, grandma took Mabel to her room. She sat down to talk awhile, as she always did before tucking the little girl into bed. Then lifting Mabel tenderly in her arms, she said, "Does my darling know now how Sadie felt when she had no candy?"

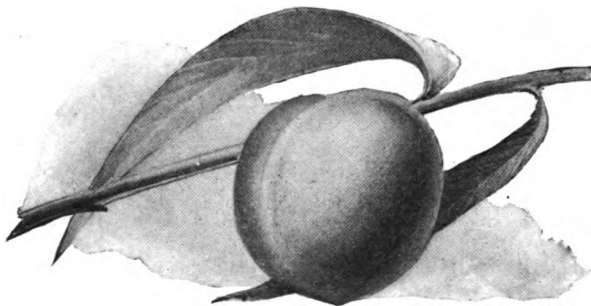
17. They rocked in silence for some time. At last Mabel lifted her face. Her eyes were dim with unshed tears. She threw her arms about her grandma's neck, and kissed her cheek. Then she softly whispered, "You will never, never, have to do anything like that again, you darling grandma." And grandma never did.

— M. Vanderburgh.

LESSON XLI.

The Peaches.

1. A gentleman, on his return from the city, carried home with him five peaches. They were the finest that could be found. His children had never seen any before; and they were very happy over the beautiful fruit, with rosy cheeks, all covered with soft down.



2. The father gave one to each of his four sons, and the fifth to their mother. In the evening, as the children were about to go to bed, the father said, "Well, boys, how did you like the peaches?"

3. "Oh, they were delightful!" said the oldest; "so sweet and juicy! I ate mine; and I have taken good care of the stone. I intend to raise a tree of my own." "Well done," replied the father. "Let this be your

motto: Prōvide for the fūture by taking care of the prēsent."

4. "I ate mine," exclāimēd the yōūngest, "and threw away the stone. Then mother gave me half of her peach. Oh, how sweet it was! it almost mēlted in my mouth." "Indeed, my boy," ōbsērvēd the father, "I cannot say much for your prūdēncē, but you ācted in a childlike manner, as might have been expēcted."

5. "I picked up the stone," said the sēcōnd son, "that my little brother threw away, and crāckēd it, and in it was a kērnēl, so sweet! so rich! like a nut. But I sold my own peach for mōnēy enough to buy a dōzēn, when I go to the city."

6. The old man shook his head. Then he pattēd the cheek of his boy, and said, "Your eōndūct was prūdēt, but it was by no means childlike. I pray God that you may not become mīserly."

7. "Well, Charles," inquīrēd the father, "what did you do with your peach?" "I carried it," said the boy, "to poor George, the son of our neīghbōr, who is sick with a fever. He rēfūsēd to take it, but I laid it on his bed and came away."

8. "Now," said the father, "who made the best use

of his peach?" "Brother Charles," said the other three boys, together. Charles was silent; he was hushed; but his mother embraced him with a tear in her eye.



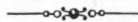
LESSON XLII.

Pussy's Class.

1. "Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.
2. "Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are."
At this all the kittens sniffed the air,
As if it were filled with perfume rare.
3. "Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then came the answer clear and loud.
You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

4. "Very well. 'Tis the same, with a shärper tōne,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone.
Now what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens pūrrēd as soft as they could.
5. "And what do you do when children are bad —
When they tēase and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.
"Pōph!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rōugh.
6. "And where are your claws? No, no, my dear"
(As she took up a paw). "See! They're hīdden
here."
Then all the kittens crowded about,
To see their sharp little claws brought out.
7. They felt quite sure they should never need
To use such wēapōns — oh, no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "Pshāw!"
And bōxed their ears with her softest paw.
8. "Now, Sptiss as hard as you can," she said.
But every kitten hung down its head.
"Sptiss, I say," cried the mother-cat,
But they said, "Oh, mamma, we can't do that!"

9. "Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
 "What sweet little ĭdĭots kittens are!
 Ah, well! I was once the same, I suppōse."
 And she looked very wise and rūbbēd her nose.
 — Mary Māpēs Dōdġē.



LESSON XLIII.

Nothing.

impatiently	No. (number)	prettier
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1. "I wish I lived in the city," said Ned, looking very cross and unhăppŷ.
2. "Why?" asked grandpa.
3. "Because city boys have so much to look at," rēplĭēd Ned.
4. "They have not half so much that is beautiful to look at as you have," said grandpa. "Many a city boy would give a good deal to see what you see every day for nothing. City boys think it a great treat to take a walk on Sunday into the eƀuntry."
5. But Ned was so tired of the roads and fields that

he could take no interest in them. Instead of going out to watch the sunshine on the leaves and listen to the brook's merry song, what do you think he did? He lay down on grandpa's lounge, and fell asleep.

6. Presently it seemed to him that he was two boys, and that he was out walking. Ned No. 2 did not behave at all like Ned No. 1.

7. No. 2 saw every squirrel that scurried up a tree, and heard every bird that chirped. He ran to look at every field lily, though he did not pick a single one. He stopped to examine some lichens that grew on a rock. He bent for a long time over an ant hill, watching the busy workers.

8. No. 1 waited for him impatiently, because wait he must. When No. 2 walked on, No. 1 walked beside him, with eyes upon the ground, seeing nothing.

9. At last they reached home, and grandpa met them in the porch. He did not seem to see that there were two boys.

10. "Well, my lad, what have you seen during your walk?" he asked cheerily.

11. "Nothing," replied Ned No. 1, gloomily. But to his surprise, Ned No. 2 gave this beautiful answer:—

"Within a bush, whose crowded leaves
 Its contents hid from careless eye,
 I saw four eggs in a wee bird's nest,
 And they were blue as the summer sky."



12. Grandpa seemed delighted, and said, "I
suppose that was in our hedge. What did you see
beyond the hill?"

13. "Nothing," said No. 1. But No. 2, with shining
 eyes, again replied:—

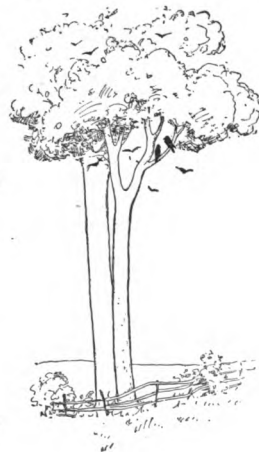


"Where daisies opened to the sun
 In a broad meadow, green and white,
 The lambs were racing merrily.
 I never saw a prettier sight."

14. "Pretty enough!" ex-
claimed grandpa. "And what else
 did you see?"

15. "Nothing," said No. 1. But
 No. 2 said:—

"I saw the yellow wall-flower wave
 Upon a gray and crumbling wall.
 And then I watched the busy crows
 Among the graceful elm trees tall."



16. "And what did you see as you crōssēd the river?" asked grandpa, very much interested.

17. "Nothing," said No. 1. And once more No. 2 spoke up gayly and said:—



"Oh, leaning from the old stone
bridge,

Below I saw my shādōw lie!
And through the gloomy arches
watched

The swift and fearless swallows fly."

18. And then, as if he could not stop for the joy of telling, he went on:—

"I saw young rabbits near the wood,
And heard a phēasant's wings go whir;
And then I saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.
I could not tell you all I saw
Within those two dēlightful hours,
For hill and mēadow were alive
With bees and birds and buds
and flowers."



19. Grandpa's face was all aglow with pleasure. But, just as he opened his mouth to ask another question, a strange thing happened. Grandpa faded away altogether. Ned No. 1 and Ned No. 2 melted into one boy, and that boy opened his eyes upon — the sitting room ceiling.

20. "I wonder how No. 2 could talk so beautifully," thought Ned. After looking at the ceiling for a while, he said aloud, "It must have been because he saw so much and enjoyed it so much, and wanted to please grandpa. I must open my eyes and look at the things I pass by the roadside. Every one of them is wonderful."



I met a little Elf-man once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.
He slightly frowned, and with his eye,
He looked me through and through.
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

— St. Nicholas.

LESSON XLIV.

The Battle of Manilā.

Admiral	squadron	American	presented
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1. Do you know what a herō is? Did you ever hear of George Dēwēy? George Dēwēy is a herō. He is often called Admiral Dewey.

2. Every true American loves Dewey. Do you know why? I will tell you. He had chārgē of sēveral of our warships. These ships were called a squadron.

There was war between our country and Spāīn.

3. Dewey was orderēd to take his squadron to some īslands that belōngēd to Spāīn. They are in the Pacific Ōcean. They are such beautiful īslands that they are sometimes called the “Pēarls of the Sea.”

4. On one of them is a fine city called Manilā. The water near the city is called the Bay of Manilā. A

number of Spanish warships were there. Dewey was told that he must fight these warships.

5. The city was guarded by strong forts. In the forts were Spanish soldiers ready to fire the big guns if the Americans should come. Under the water were mines. These were to blow up our ships if they should try to enter the bay.

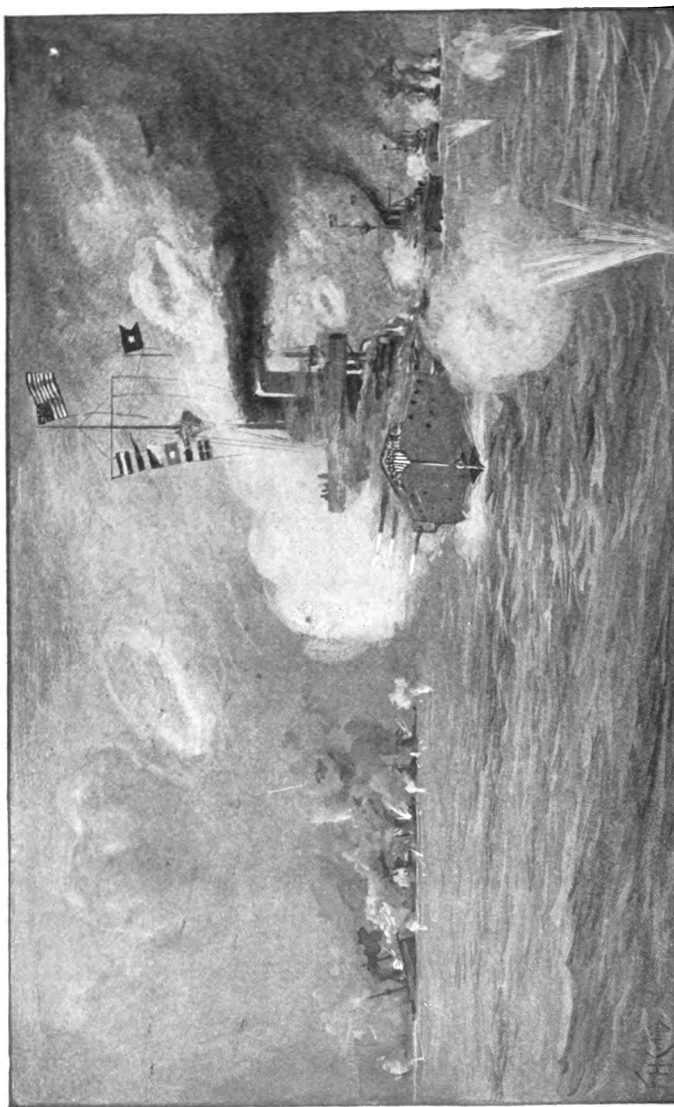
6. When our squadron sailed, Dewey had a string of little flags on the mast of his ship. This was a signal.

7. The officers and men on the other ships could read the signal. It said, "Keep cool, and obey orders." Every man was ready to obey Dewey's orders, for the sailors like him. They say he is strict, but he is always kind and just.

8. Dewey waited until it was dark before he entered the bay. Then every light on his ships was put out. This was done so that the Spanish soldiers could not see them.

9. The ship that Dewey was on was called the flag-ship. It led the way. One by one the ships entered the bay. They steamed past the forts and over the mines, but not one ship was hurt.

10. When daylight came, the Spaniards were surprised



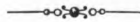
THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

to see the American ships. Then Dewey ordered his men to fire. Boom! went the guns. Boom! boom!

11. The Spaniards had more men and more guns than the Americans, but they did not shoot so well. So, when the battle was over, every Spanish ship had been sunk or set on fire. Many Spaniards were taken prisoners. Dewey saw that the wounded ones were well cared for. He treated them like brothers.

12. Not a single ship or man was lost on the American side. It was a grand victory.

13. When the news reached the United States, it made the people very happy. Everybody praised George Dewey. He was made an admiral. He was presented with a sword, and each of his men received a medal. Do you wonder that he is called a hero?



LESSON XLV.

Harry and the Gaid-Post.

1. The night was dark, the sun was hid
Beneath the mountain gray;
And not a single star appeared
To shoot a silver ray.

2. Across the heath the owlet flew,
And screeamed along the blast;
And onward, with a quickenèd step,
Benighted Harry passèd.
3. Now, in the thickest darkness plungèd,
He grōpèd his way to find;
And now, he thought he saw beyond,
A form of hōrrīd kind.
4. In dēādly white it upwārd rose,
Of clōak and mantle bārè,
And held its nākèd arms acrōss,
To catch him by the hair.
5. Poor Harry felt his blōōd run cōld,
At what before him stōōd;
But then, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,
Can happen to the good.
6. So, cālling all his cōūrāgè up,
He to the monster went;
And, ēāgèr thrōugh the dismal glōōm,
His pīērcing eyes he bēnt.

7. And when he came well nigh the ghōst
That gave him such a fright,



He clāppēd his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughēd outright.

- a. For 'twas a fr̥iendly g̥uide-pōst stōd,
 His wāndering stēps to g̥uide;
 And thus he found that to the good,
 No evil could betide.
9. "Ah, well!" thought he, "one thing I've l̥earned;
 Nor shall I soon forget:
 Whatever frightens me again,
 I'll march strāight up to it."
10. "And when I hear an idl̥e tāl̥e,
 Of monster or of g̥hōst,
 I'll tell of this, my lōnely walk,
 And one tall, white guide-post."

— Old English Pōēm.



LESSON XLVI.

The Hen that Hātch̥ed Dūcklings.

PART I.

1. There was once a very unhappy mother hen. Her children all seemed dēformed. They had brōad, flat beaks and quēer clūmsy feet. A cūr̥ious skin strēched from toe to toe.

2. They were lame, too, the mother hen thought; for every one of them waddl~~ed~~.

3. How to teach them to scratch and peck she did not know. Such feet and beaks no chicks of hers had ever had before. But she did her best. And, to tell the truth, the little waddling things did their best, too.

4. But one day mother and children all str~~ayed~~ down to the pond. There they found Mrs. Duck and her family.

5. "Now, r~~ea~~lly," said Mrs. Hen, "I have always felt very sorry for Mrs. Duck. Her children are all born lame, and have cl~~umsy~~ bills and feet. But now I am in the same pl~~ight~~ myself. So I will go and ask her how to teach these d~~e~~form~~ed~~ children of mine. Dear me! I thought I had sharp eyes for my own children. But, r~~ea~~lly, I cannot tell this br~~oo~~d of mine from the little ducks."

6. When Mrs. Hen spoke to her, Mother Duck smiled all over her face. "How to teach them!" she said. "Why, nothing is e~~as~~ier. This is all you have to do." So saying, she waddl~~ed~~ right into the pond, and swam off.

7. Her d~~uck~~lings foll~~ow~~ed her, and with them went

Mother Hen's children, too. Poor Mother Hen stood on the shore, frightened almost to death.

8. "Come back, or you'll all be drowned," she cried. But the naughty children paid no attention to her. They seemed too glad to be in the water ever to come out again.

9. They swam about just as if they had been taught. She could not understand this. She had never brought them to the pond before. Besides, she could not swim herself.

10. "How in the world did they learn?" she said. Then she cried, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" again, in great fright, for one of her children had put his head under water.

11. But he took it out again, and did not seem any the worse. Then the others all did the same, and by and by she thought nothing more of it.

12. Mrs. Duck circled grandly about the pond a few times. Then she brought the two broods safe to shore again.

13. As she waddled out of the pond, she paused a moment. She took some of the black mud in her bill — as much as it would hold. Then she raised her bill,

and let the mūd run out at the sides. All her dūcklings did the same. Mrs. Hen's children all did the same, too.

14. "Oh, my dears!" cried the ānxīous hen mother, "how can you be so ill-mannered? Besīdes, you cannot get anything to eat in that way."

15. But her children all answered, "Why mamma; that is the only prōper way to eat."



LESSON XLVII.

The Hen that Hātchēd Dūcklings.

PART II.

disappeared	disappointed
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1. In time, Mother Hen became very proud of her brood. They could do what no children of hers had ever done before. No hen that she knew had so clever a family. She took them herself to the pond every day, and watched them with dēlight as they swam about upon its sūrface.

2. By and by they grew up, as children will. Summer passed away, and the cold months came. Mother Hen took less and less interest in her fat, waddling family.

3. At last Thanksgiving Day came, and about that time some of them disappeared. But she hardly missed them. Christmas came, and more of them disappeared, so that few were left. But Mother Hen did not grieve. Perhaps she was dreaming of the next brood she would raise. These, she thought, would be even more clever than the last.

4. Spring came, and she sat on a nestful of her own eggs. You have guessed something, I know, about those of last year. Yes, the farmer had put ducks' eggs into Mother Hen's nest. But this year he let her keep her own.

5. There she sat, brooding, brooding over the nest, thinking, perhaps, of the wonderful things the coming chicks were to do.

6. Out they came, at last, in their little yellow coats. "Cluck, cluck!" she said to them; and "Peep, peep!" they replied. They followed her everywhere, and tried to learn to scratch.

7. But they were better at eating. Mother Hen

would scratch in the soft brown earth. Sometimes she would turn up a nice fat bug. Sometimes it would be a grain of corn or a fat little worm. Whatever it was, the chicks would all run. The first to get there would gobble it up.

8. Their beaks were sharp and proper for chicks. Their toes were not joined together by the skin that ducks have. But for all that, Mother Hen intended to teach them to swim.

9. One day she led them down to the pond. There she found Mother Duck, with a new brood of ducklings.

10. "I shall have to engage you again to teach my children," said Mrs. Hen. "I could easily teach them myself, I suppose. But, you see, I don't like getting my feathers wet."

11. "With all my heart!" said the good-natured duck. Then, calling her own brood, she swam out upon the pond. The ducklings followed, and made merry upon the water. But this time Mrs. Hen's children stayed on the land.

12. "Come, come!" said their mamma, "you must take your swimming lesson. Why don't you set about it? Swim off with the ducklings. You are far more

clever than they. My children can do anything Mādam Duck's can."

13. But the chicks preferred to scratch and peck on land. Nothing could induce them to go into the water.

14. The hen mother was greatly disappointed. But she would not give up yet.

15. "It is because Mādam Duck has forgotten how to teach," she said, at last. "Only her own children can understand her. We shall see what my children will do for me."

16. So saying, she flew to a rock in the middle of the pond. There she cried, "Cluck, cluck!" as hard as she could.

17. Her chicks tried their best to get to her. They ran to the water's edge, crying, "Peep, peep!" But when they found their feet getting wet, they would go no further. Not one chick made the smallest attempt to swim.

18. The next day the hen mother tried again, but all in vain. Day after day she tried, until her patience gave out. Not one of that brood could she ever teach to swim.

LESSON XLVIII.
A Lēgend of the Northland.

PART I.



1. Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through ;
2. Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges when it snows ;
And the children look like bears' cubs
In their funny furry clothes ;

3. They tell them a eūriŕous story, —
I don't beljēve 'tis true, —
And yet you may learn a lesson,
If I tell the tale to you.
4. Once, when the good Sāĭnt Pēter
Lived in the wōrld below,
And walked about it, preaching
Just as he did, you know,
5. He came to the door of a cōttage,
In trāveling round the ēarth,
Where a little wōman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hēarth ;
6. And being faint with fāsting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.
7. So she made a very little cake ;
But, as it baking lay,
She looked at it and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

8. Therefore she ~~kneaded~~ knēaded another,
And still a smaller one ;
But it looked, when she tūrnēd it over,
As large as the fīrst had done.

9. Then she took a tīnŷ scrāp of dōugh,
And rolled and rolled it flat ;
And baked it thin as a wāfer,
But she couldn't part with that.



10. For she said, " My cakes that seem so small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

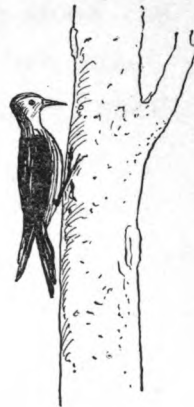
LESSON XLIX.

A Lēgend of the Northland.

PART II.

1. Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hūngry and faint;
And surely such a wōman
Was enough to prōvōkē a saint.
2. And he said, "You are far too sēlfish
To dwell in a hūman form,
To have both food and shēlter,
And fire to keep you wārm.
3. Now you shall bŭild as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By bōring, and bōring, and bōring,
All day in the hard, dry wōd.
4. Then up she went thrōugh the chimney,
Never speaking a wōrd;
And out of the top flew a wōdpēcker,
For she was changed to a bird.

5. She had a seärlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same ;
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.
6. And every eountry schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood,
Where she lives in the trees till this
very day,
Boring and boring for food.
7. And this is the lesson she teaches :
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.
8. Give plenty of what is given to you,
And listen to pity's call ;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.
9. Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her seärlet hood.



10. You māy'n't be changed to a bird, ~~thōugh~~ you live
 As sēlfishly as you can ;
 But you will be changed to a smaller thing,
 A mean and sēlfish man.

— Phōēbe Cārŷ.



LESSON L.

The Pink Cat.

PART I.

respectable	buried
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1. Did you ever see a pink cat? That is what I was once. Afterward I was blue. Now, you see, my eōlōr is a nice, clean white. That is my natūral eōlōr. But beside pink and blue, I have been almost black. That, however, was my own fāult.

2. One day, when I was quite small, I was playing with a fēather. It flēw into the eōal ċēllar, and down I went after it. When I came out, I must have been a wrēched sight. My mamma said that but for a small gray spot on my ear she would not have known me.

3. Well, she scrūbbēd and brūshēd me as well as she could. But she could not get me to look respectable. She did not know what to do with me. She was so afraid the mistrēss would see me.

4. While she was pātiently working over me, we heard steps in the hall. In a mōmēt, there stood the mistrēss. When she saw me, she threw up her hands. "That kitten is a disgrācē!" she exclāimēd. "I shall send her away to-mōrrōw."

5. When my mamma heard that, she tūrnēd pale. She kept quite still, however, until the mistress had gone. Then she took me in her mouth and hid me under the front stoop. She told me on no account to come out until she should come for me.



6. In the morning the grōcer boy came. I wanted to see whēther he had brōught anything to eat. So I stepped out for just a minute. I liked the grōcer boy. He was fat, and he wōrē a large white āprōn. He had such round blue eyes that he looked like a big baby.

7. While I was looking at him my mistress came out. When she saw me, she cried, "Oh, there is that hōr—" and then stōpped. I think she was going to say "that hōrrīd kittēn," but she changed it to "nice little cat." Then she told the boy that, if he wanted me, he might as well take me now.

8. I did not want to leave mamma, so I tried to run back to my hīding-plācē. But the boy caught me and put me into a peach basket. Then he tied his āprōn over the basket. And that is how I was kīdnāppēd.

9. They were not very good to me at the grocer's. The children used to play I was a pōny. They tied a hōrrīd doll on my back. Her name was Grētchēn, and she was stūffēd with sawdust.

10. One day I ran against a door with her. Some stītchēs in her side gave way, and the sawdust came out. Some of it got into my eye and hurt me. But I did not care, for Grētchēn fāred still wōrsē.

11. After that she was too weak to sit up. She did not seem to have any bāckbōnē. Then the children said she was dead. They buried her in the back yard. I went to the fūneral with a smiling face. But the children said I was a "mōvrner."

12. But there are wōrse things, after all, than dolls. The next thing that came to tōrment me was a puppy. Did you ever try to live in a family where there was a puppy? But then you are not a cat. You can never know what I sūffered. Even now, I can hardly bear to speak of it.

13. Well, he made me so wrētched at last, that I could stand it no lōnger. So I watched for a chance to run away.

14. One day the family went to the sēāsīde. They left me locked up in the house, but one of the windows was open a little way. I clīmbed out of it, and jumped down to the awning. Then I managed to run down a post to the sidewalk. In another minute I was safe around the eorner.



LESSON LI.

The Pink Cat.

PART II.

discovered	discouraged	particular
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1. I walked until I was very tired and hūngry. Then I went into a place where the people were eooking

dinner. They gave me some, and so I thought I would stay to supper. Supper-time came, and they fed me again. As they did not turn me out, I settled down to make my home there.

2. There was some kind of a shop under our house. I soon discovered that it was a place where they colored cloth. My new master was a dyer.

3. In the evening I heard him say, "That cat will make a good sign for me. If she had not been white, I would not have taken her in." Oh, dear! I never dreamed what he was planning. What do you think he did to me? Why, he dyed me!

4. It was the most dreadful thing that ever befell me. I felt too miserable for anything. I cried and scratched and tried to get away. When he let me go at last, I ran upstairs and looked in the glass. I saw that I was white no longer. I was a beautiful pink.

5. That wicked man made me stay in his dingy old shop-window all day. That was to draw the people that passed by. They went away and told every one about the pink cat. So he got his shop talked about. It "brought trade," he said. And that is where I got the horrible name of "Pinky."

6. I tried my best to lick the color off. But this only made me sick. It did not seem to come off a bit. Everybody laughed at me for being “different from other cats.” The dogs chased me more than they did before, too.

7. But my tröubles did not end with this. The dyer thought it time to amüse his eustomers with a new joke. So he cölöred me blue.

8. Then I grew discouraged, and you will not blame me. I saw that I could not depend upon being any particular color. So I ran away again. This time I ran away at night. I knew the boys would törment me if I went by day.

9. One thing I made up my mind to. That was, not to go to live in a shop again. So I walked and walked to get past all the shops. But I began to think there was no end to them. The fürther I walked, the more shops there seemed to be.

10. At last, however, I came to a great river. I looked across it, wöndering how I should ever get over. Then what do you think happened? It is of no use for you to try to güßess. I shall have to tell you.

11. A great house walked off the other shore, and

began coming tōwārd me. It movēd stēadily across the water. I rūbbēd my eyes, thinking I must be drēaming. At last it reached the spot where I stood.

12. A man tied it fast, and a crowd of people came out. Then another crowd of people went in. I went in with them and hid under a seat.

13. By and by the house began to walk back again. It trēmbled as if it would fall to přēcěs. It made such a noise with its feet, too, that I was sřerely frightenēd. I began to be sorry that I had come.

14. But it stood still at last, and the people went out. I vēntured out, too. We all went out the back door. The house was back in the place it had started from. Some men had tied it fast.

15. It was morning now. I walked until I met a pretty little girl. She seemed to be taking an āiring with her mother. I fōllōwēd her till we came to her home.

16. How I did wish I could live there! Such soft green grass to eāper over! Such lōvēly trees to climb! But I looked at my wrětchēd self and crēpt away to the bārn. No blue cat could expect to live in a respectable house.

17. The hay smēlt dēlightful. I was tīrēd, and cūrlēd up in it for a nap.

LESSON LII.

The Pink Cat.

PART III.

disdainfully

1. When I awōkē, it was dark, and I was hūngry. To help me forget this, I looked about for something to play with.

2. Some pretty, little, brown animals were playing in the hay. They had bright, black eyes, like little shīny beads. I thought I would play with them.

3. I chased one and caught it very easily. It would not keep still, so I bit it. Then I found out it was good to eat. After that I caught and ate these little animals every day.

4. I kept licking myself to get the blue off. There was no looking-glass in the barn. But I could see a great part of myself by turning my head different ways. I thought I seemed to be improving. Still, I was very careful not to show myself to any one.

5. But the little animals were getting fēwer and fēwer and hārder to catch. So I began to think what to do next for a living.

6. One day the little girl came out to look at Ġypsēy, the pōnŷ. I wālkēd out and rūbbēd against her dress, and said, “Mēw!” My hēart was in my thrōat, for fear she would send me away. But the dear little girl looked down at me kindly.

7. “Why, you beautiful little white kitten!” she said. “Where in the wōrld did you come from? You shall go right into the house with me, and have some milk.” So she took me in, and for a while I was almost too happy.

8. But one day I did a drēādful thing. You would not blame me if you knew how frīghtēd I was.

9. My little mistress brought out a pink rībbon. It made me think of that wīcked dŷer. What do you think she wanted to do with it? Why, to tie it around my neck.

10. When she took me up to put it on me, I was brēathless with frīght. I strūglēd to get away. I mewed, and — yes, I scrātchēd. To tell of it makes me want to hide away somewhere. I scrātchēd that dear

little girl, and ætūally made her cry. Then she let me go, and I seampered off to the barn.

11. The next morning the cat from next door came in to see me. She had just such a řibbøn around her neck. She looked at me scornfully because I had nønø. She said she was sūprised to see me out on Sunday without my řibbøn.

12. You may imagine how I felt. I saw at once that that must be the way fine cats dress. So I told her I was just on the way to the house to get mine.

13. I went right back and sat by the little girl's door. When she came out and saw me, she smiled. I was very grateful to be forgiven so ēasily. I pūrrød and rūbbød against her dress. Then we were as good friends as ever.

14. I kept still while she tied the pink řibbøn on my neck. I kissød the cruel scrāřchēs I had made. I think she must have seen how sōrrý I was.

15. The ribbon had a tīný bell on it. I went back to the barn as fast as I could. I wanted the cat from next door to see me.

16. Lūckily she was still there. I prētended to catch a fly so that she would notīçø the bell. There was no

bell on her ribbon. I heard afterward that she could eat no dinner that day, for *ěnvý*.

17. I know now that I was a very *naughtý* kitten. It is not right to make people *ěnvý*us. And it is *simply* dreadful to tell stories. My dear little mistress has taught me all this. But at that time I was a very *yóung* cat, and knew no better.

18. Could you not come to *Nēw Jērseý* and see me some day? You might go down to the water and wait. Perhaps the house would come over for you as it did for me.

—M. *Vanderbūrgh*.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.

J. L. JONES.



LESSON LIII.

The Grateful Swan.

PART I.

1. One day a poor peddler
Who carried a pack
Felt something come
Flippity-flop on his back.
2. He looked east and west,
He turned white, he turned red,
Then bent his back lower,
And traveled ahead.
3. The sun was gone down
When he entered his door,
And loosened the straps
From his shoulders once more.
4. Then up sprang his wife
Crying, "Bless your heart, John,
Here, sitting atop of your pack,
Is a swan!"

5. "A wing like a lily,
A beak like a rose;
Now good luck go with her
Wherever she goes!"
6. "Dear me!" cried the peddler,
"What fullness of crop!
No wonder I felt her
Come flippity-flop!"
7. "I'll bet you, good wife,
All the weight of my pack,
I've carried that bird
For ten miles on my back."
8. "Perhaps," the wife answered,
"She'll lay a gold egg
To pay you; but, bless me,
She's broken a leg."
9. "No wonder," said John,
"As she stood there atop,
That I should have felt her
Come flippity-flop!"

10. Then straight to his pack
 For a bandage he ran,
 While Jannet, the good wife,
 To splints broke her fan ;

11. And, thinking no longer
 About the gold egg,
 All tēnderly held her
 And bound up the leg.

12. Then went to the eūbbōārd,
 And brought from the shelf
 A part of the supper
 She'd meant for herself.



13. Of course, two such nūrsēs
Ĕffēēted a eure ;
 One leg stiff, but better
 Than none, to be sure !

LESSON LIV.

The Grateful Swan.

PART II.

1. All summer they lived
Thus together — the swan,
And peddler and peddler's wife,
Jannet and John.
2. At length, when the leaves
In the garden grew brown,
The bird came one day
With her head hanging down ;
3. And told her kind master
And mistress so dear,
She was going to leave them
Perhaps for a year.
4. "What mean you?" cried Jannet,
"What mean you?" cried John.
"You will see, if I ever
Come back," said the swan.

5. And so, with the tears
Rolling down drip-a-dröp,
She lifted her snowy wings,
Flippity-flop ;

6. And sailed away, stretching
Her legs and her neck,
Till all they could see
Was a little white speck.

7. Then Jannet said, turning
Her eyes upon John,
But speaking, no doubt,
Of the bird that was gone:



8. "A wing like a lily,
A beak like a rose ;
Now good luck go with her
Wherever she goes."

9. The winter was weary,
But vanished at last,
As all winters will do ;
And when it was past,

-
10. And dōffies beginning
To show their bright heads,
One day as our Jannet
Was making the beds —
11. The beds in the garden,
I'd have you to know —
She saw in the distance
A speck white as snow.
12. She saw it sail nearer
And nearer, then stop
And land in her garden path
Flippity-flop.
13. One moment of wonder,
Then cried she, "O John!
As true as you're living, man,
Here is our swan."
14. "And by her sleek feathers,
She comes from the south.
But what thing is this
Shining so in her mouth?"



15. "A diamond," cried
Johnny ;
The swan nearer
drew,
And dropped it in
Janet's
Nice apron of
blue ;

16. Then held up the
mended leg
Quite to her crop,
And danced her great
wings about,
Flippity-flop.

17. "I never beheld such a bird
In my life !"
Cried Johnny, the peddler ;
"Nor I !" said his wife.

— Alice Cary.

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